Swan Electric Engraving Co.

IV. Grotesques;

South door of the Duomo, Verona.

# VERONA

## AND OTHER LECTURES

1. From the Tomb of Can Signorio, Verona.

Si[illegible] Ironwork.

# VERONA

## AND OTHER LECTURES

BY

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*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

*FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR*

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## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

Of the five chapters in this volume, the first three belong to the year 1870; the last two date from 1882–1885. Three out of the five chapters have been read as lectures; and one of the others was meant for delivery at Oxford, though it was replaced, in fact, by a different discourse. Since the latest in date, chapter IV., was written, the Author has not spoken in public; but this paper, "Candida Casa," is sufficiently like the rest in form, and closely enough connected with the course on "The Pleasures of England," to justify the general title of the volume — "Verona, and other Lectures."

I. The first, at the time of its delivery, was called "A Talk respecting Verona, and its Rivers." It was given at the Royal Institution shortly after the Author's return, on his election to the Slade Professorship, from a stay of some months at

Venice and Verona, where he had been studying early architecture, and making careful sketches of buildings which at that time were threatened with imminent "restoration." On the occasion of the lecture, he exhibited a series of fifty mounts of drawings and photographs, illustrating the subject, of which some twenty were his own work, though not all done in that summer of 1869. The rest were by his assistants, Mr. Arthur Burgess and Mr. John W. Bunney; with the well-known pencil drawing by Prout of the Tomb of Can Signorio, and some photographs specially taken from architectural details, and from pictures by the great masters of whom he made mention. As one of "the Masters," Carpaccio here appeared for the first time in Mr. Ruskin's writings; Sandro Botticelli still remained to be rated as a star of the first magnitude, on the exhibition, soon afterwards, of his Nativity, now in the National Gallery. A full and annotated catalogue of this little exhibition is given in "On the Old Road" (vol. I. pp. 665–673): and some of the drawings, with others relating to the subject, are now reproduced as illustrations to this volume.

This lecture was reported very briefly in the Proceedings of the Royal Institution, vol. VI. p. 55; reprinted in "On the Old Road," vol. I. p. 654. A much fuller report was given by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and republished in the magazine *Igdrasil*, vol. III. No. 16; also reprinted privately in a volume entitled "Ruskiniana." The text now given is complete, from the original fair copy of the manuscript, and it contains much characteristic matter not represented in the reports, or else dulled by alteration of the lecturer's lively phrasing into journalistic *oratio obliqua*. The fact, however, that it had been so reported, and also that the subject did not fit into any of the volumes which the Author was then busy in bringing out, will account for the suppression of the "Verona" during so many years, and for its appearance at last in this miscellany.

In connection with the closing topic of this lecture, the control of irrigation and inundation, Mr. Ruskin was afterwards drawn into correspondence in the newspapers; and he explained his plans more fully in words which some readers may like to see quoted at length. In this lec-

ture on Verona, he said, "My principal object was to state the causes of the incalculably destructive inundations of the Rhone, Toccia, and Ticino, in 1868; and to point out that no mountain river ever was or can be successfully embanked in the valleys; but that the rainfall must be arrested on the high and softly rounded hill surfaces, before it reaches any ravine in which its force can be concentrated. Every mountain farm ought to have a dyke about two feet high — with a small ditch within it — carried at intervals in regular, scarcely perceptible incline, across its fields; — with discharge into a reservoir large enough to contain a week's maximum rainfall on the area of that farm in the stormiest weather — the higher uncultivated land being guarded over larger spaces with bolder embankments. No drop of water that had once touched hill ground ought ever to reach the plains till it was wanted there: and the maintenance of the bank and reservoir, once built, on any farm, would not cost more than the keeping up of its cattle-sheds against chance of whirlwind and snow. The first construction of the work would be

costly enough; and, say the Economists, 'would not pay.' I never heard of any National Defences that did! . . . But my low embankments would not depend for their utility on the advent of a hypothetical foe, but would have to contend with an instant and inevitable one; yet with one who is only an adversary if unresisted; who, resisted, becomes a faithful friend — a lavish benefactor."[1]

Shortly afterwards the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Rome wrote that a former letter had been translated into Italian, and had set people thinking; and he asked Mr. Ruskin to state the case once more. On which Mr. Ruskin wrote two additional letters to the *Daily Telegraph*, the second of which recites his experiences and observations of flood and drought in Italy, and concludes thus: —

"If money were all that is needed, do we in England owe so little to Italy of delight that we cannot so much as lend her spades and pickaxes at her need? . . . But she does not need us.

[1] *Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 19, 1871: ("Arrows of the Chace," vol. II. p. 162.)

Good engineers she has, and has had many since Leonardo designed the canals of Lombardy. Agriculturists she has had, I think, among her gentlemen a little before there were gentlemen farmers in England; something she has told us of agriculture, also, pleasantly by the reeds of Mincio and among the apple-blossoms wet with Arno. Her streams have learned obedience before now; Fonte Branda and the Fountain of Joy flow at Siena still; the rivulets that make green the slopes of Casentino may yet satisfy true men's thirst. 'Where is the money to come from?' Let Italy keep her souls pure, and she will not need to alloy her florins. The only question for her is whether still the mossy rock and the 'rivus aquæ' are 'in votis' or, rather, the race-course and the boulevard — the curses of England and of France.

"At all events, if any one of the Princes of Rome will lead, help enough will follow to set the work on foot, and show the peasants, in some narrow district, what can be done. Take any arid piece of Apennine towards the sources of the Tiber; let the drainage be carried along the hill-

sides away from the existing water-courses; let cisterns, as of old in Palestine, and larger reservoirs, such as we now can build, be established at every point convenient for arrest of the streams; let channels of regulated flow be established from these over the tracts that are driest in summer; let ramparts be carried, not along the river banks, but round the heads of the ravines, throwing the water aside into lateral canals; then terrace and support the looser soil on all the steeper slopes; and the entire mountain side may be made one garden of orange and vine and olive, beneath; and a green highest pasture for cattle, and flowers for bees — up to the edge of the snows of spring." [1]

II. "The Story of Arachne" is another lecture of Mr. Ruskin's *annus mirabilis*, 1870. Like "Verona," it found no place in the volumes of Oxford courses then begun with the "Inaugural Lectures" and "Aratra Pentelici." It is now printed for the first time, from the original manuscript, except that a few pages of introduction,

[1] *Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 7, 1871: ("Arrows of the Chace," vol. II. p. 170.)

which have been lost, are supplied as well as may be from the brief report in the *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 14, 1870.

III. The original of "The Tortoise of Aegina" is marked by the Author, "Lect. 7;" showing that it was intended for the seventh and last lecture of the course on Greek Sculpture as illustrated by Greek coins, given in Michaelmas term, 1870. Before writing the peroration to this lecture, and to the course in general, Mr. Ruskin altered his plan, and, to serve his immediate purpose, gave instead "The Relation of Michael Angelo to Tintoret." This, being only slightly connected with the course, was published separately as a pamphlet; leaving the rest of that autumn's lectures without proper conclusion. It was only a year later, soon after his illness at Matlock, that Mr. Ruskin wrote or recast the ending, and published the book as "Aratra Pentelici." This will explain the illusion to § 9 of "The Tortoise," — about Minos, — in § 207 of "Aratra;" as well as the promise, in § 10 of "The Tortoise," to discuss the Bull of Thurium, — which was never done,

though the plate was prepared, and printed as plate XX. in "Aratra," with merely a brief paragraph (§ 203) inserted in explanation.

Thus the "Tortoise" remained without the usual closing passage, though as far as it goes it is finished work. It is closely connected with the "Arachne;" addressed, indeed, to a different class of hearers, and yet continuing the same subject, so as to make its present position more suitable than any other would have been.

IV. and V. The last two chapters were intended for one of the volumes of "Our Fathers have told us," — a general review of Christian history, attempted, as the Author says, "at the request of a young English governess, that I would write some pieces of history which her pupils could gather some good out of; — the fruit of historical documents, placed by modern educational systems at her disposal, being to them labour only, and sorrow. For true knowledge," he continues, "is of Virtues only: of poisons and vices, it is Hecate who teaches, not Athena."

The growth of Christendom, then, was to be told in ten little volumes, each dealing with a

separate subject, and complete in itself. The first was "The Bible of Amiens," which has been published; the last were to be "The Bay of Uri" and "The Bells of Cluse," reviewing pastoral Catholicism and Protestanism, down to modern times. The intervening volumes were to deal with Verona and Rome, Pisa and Florence, Chartres and Rouen; and the sixth in the series, "Valle Crucis," with England. It was for this book, "Valle Crucis," that our last two chapters were intended. The earliest, "Mending the Sieve," was read as a lecture at the London Institution, on the Author's return from his journey of 1882, to resume his Oxford Professorship; the other, "Candida Casa," was never quite ended; and curiously enough, the text makes no allusion, as it now stands, to its title.

"Candida Casa"—the White House, is the ancient name of Whithorn or Whitherne Abbey on the Solway. The place had a special interest to Mr. Ruskin as the home of one branch of his family; but of course it was about St. Ninian's famous foundation there that he meant to write.

This chapter is the introduction to a sketch of early Christianity, especially monastic Christianity, in Britain, and needs only a few pages more to lead up the story to the point at which the Author meant to break off, in order to recommence, in his next chapter, with the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. The missing pages can be partly reconstructed from the Author's rough notes, from which it seems that, after showing at some length how much we in this island owe to foreign influence — our navy, for example, to the Franks, and our Church to Rome, in the first instance, — he was going to recur to the Pelagian heresy, as not only a proof of island vigour and characteristic independence, but also as the occasion for the sending by Pope Celestine of Palladius, as first bishop of the Scots of Ireland and the Hebrides. This at once localises the story in the north-west, and forms a link between Scottish Christianity and Rome, in spite of the disclaimer of those who would like to believe in an original British Church, anti-Roman from the beginning.

The next topic was to have been the mission of St. Germanus of Auxerre and St. Lupus of

Troyes, another link between our country and Roman Gaul. Their legend, and the story of the Alleluia victory, which Mr. Ruskin has noted for description, can be read in Bede (book I. chapters 17–20). The Author meant to return, in conclusion, to the end of the fourth century, and to St. Ninian, "a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation," says Bede (book III. chap. 4), "who had been regularly instructed at Rome in the faith and mysteries of the truth; whose episcopal see, named after St. Martin, the bishop" — whom he had visited and corresponded with — "and famous for a stately church, wherein he and many other saints rest in the body, is still in existence among the English nation. The place belongs to the province of the Bernicians, and is generally called *The White House*, because there he built a church of stone, which is not usual among the Britons."

With which assemblage of pregnant associations — linking together Ninian, our north-country patron of churches and holy-wells, with far-away Rome; and the Roman pilgrim with Wandering Willie's country-side by Solway shore; and wild

Galloway in the dark ages with wonderful St. Martin of Tours; and the familiar ruins of Whithorn with the first glimmer, in Gaul, and Britain, and the islands seen through the sea-fog, of all the Lamps of Architecture: — with this bouquet, so to speak, of poetical ideas, thus gathered together, the story was to pause at Candida Casa.

In speaking of the origin of the navy (p. 103) the Author inquires for information about barbarian shipping in the third century A.D. A better answer than any literary records will be found in archæological discoveries, and especially in the Nydam boat, which is exactly one of the Saxon ships in question. As it is fully described and illustrated in Du Chaillu's *Viking Age* (vol. I. pp. 219–234), a work at present generally accessible, there is no need to enter into detail here. The reader might also look at engravings of ships in the chapter on sculptured stones, vol. II. pp. 116–134; and the bronze models of boats, vol. I. p. 105, — as specimens of *earlier* vessels. The *later* shipping is fully illustrated in vol. II. pp. 136–234. It is not agreed how much use was made of sails in the third century; but in the

*Viking Age*, vol. I. p. 107, there are indications of sails in engravings on knives of the bronze period — much earlier.

As to the circumstances under which the rowers rowed, about which Mr. Ruskin asks (p. 101), we gather that they were free men, as in the triremes of the Peloponnesian war; not slaves, as in modern galleys. Somewhat later, indeed, but in ships similar in size to the Nydam boat, for every rower there was also one man to protect him, and one more to do the fighting. Among a race of athletes, rowing was not looked upon as servile. Of "gentle shipmates" and "girls they left behind them," we have plenty of legends in the Sagas. Their arts, by now, are much better known than they were a generation back; and what is known fully justifies Mr. Ruskin's belief that they must have had fine craftsmen and decorators among them, even at the early period of which he writes.

These two chapters, then, were set up in type years ago, and would have been published, if two more chapters had been written to complete the volume. But since these are not forthcom-

ing, the fragments are printed as fairly complete in themselves. The few notes or references which the Editor has ventured to add, are distinguished throughout the book by square brackets, or worked into the Index at the end.

W. G. C.

CONISTON, *Nov.* 1893.

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(All these plates, except the last two, are photographic reproductions of drawings by the Author.)

# I.

# VERONA, AND ITS RIVERS.

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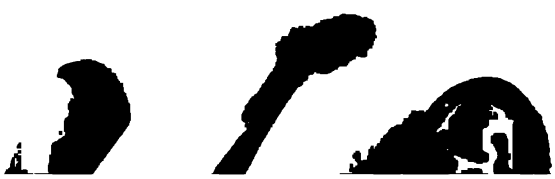


# I.

# VERONA, AND ITS RIVERS.

A

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

II. Fountain at Verona,

1841.

# I.

## VERONA, AND ITS RIVERS.

*A Lecture given at the Royal Institution, Friday, February* 4, 1870.

1. If you chance to be at Verona on a clear, warm summer's day, and to be weary — as may well happen — at the end of it, take a light carriage, and drive out at the eastern gate (on the way to the station for Venice). You will see, fifty yards beyond the gate, a good road turning to the left — and from that, as immediately, another turning to the left again, which, by a gradual slope, begins to ascend the hill on which the eastern walls of Verona are built.

You will then presently find yourself, if it is towards evening, in the shade of those walls, and in the cool and pure air, ascending, by a winding road, a hill covered with maize and vines; into the rocks of which, between you and the city walls a steep ditch has been cut, — some thirty feet deep

by sixty or eighty wide, — the defence of the city on that side being trusted to this one magnificent trench cut out of the solid rock, and to the precipice-like wall, above, with towers, crested with forked battlements, set along it at due intervals.

2. It was possible to cut that rock-trench — which, as you will find presently — is carried up the hill beside you for about an English mile — without gunpowder, because the rock is a soft and crumbling limestone, on which, when you see the dusty banks of it emerge under the hedges by the roadside, you, if a member of the Royal Institution, must look with great reverence. For in that white rock there are fossil-creatures, still so like the living creatures they were once, that there it first occurred to the human brain to imagine that the buried shapes were not mockeries of life, but had indeed once lived and died.

Under those white banks by the roadside was born, like a poor Italian gipsy, the Modern Science of Geology.

3. Whether a member of the Royal Institution or not — if you are a member of any Institution of

Swan Electric Engraving Co

III. Can Grande della Scala,

Equestrian Statue.

a social and civil character — you must look with still greater reverence on the grey moat and on the wall that rise between you and the sun. The wall was chiefly built, the moat entirely excavated, by Can Grande della Scala; and they represent typically the form of Defence which rendered it possible for the life and the arts of Citizens to be preserved and practised in an age of habitual war. Not only so — but this is the wall of the actual city which headed the great Lombard league — which was the beginner of personal and independent power in the Italian nation, and the first banner-bearer, therefore, of all that has been vitally independent in religion and in art throughout the entire Christian world to this day.

4. The road ascends continually; the vine-clad slope on your right becoming steeper and prouder — the great wall drawing itself out, tower above tower, — and the blue of distant Lombardy flowing deep and deeper over its lower battlements. After walking the horses about a mile, there is a level bit of road which brings you to the upper angle of the wall; and thence, looking down the northern descent, you may see a great round tower at the

foot of it — not forked, — this, in battlements, but with embrasures for guns.

Now, the rock-banks under which you have passed were the cradle of modern science. The battlemented wall was the cradle of civic life. That low circular tower is the cradle of modern war and of all its desolation. It is the first European tower for artillery: the beginning of fortification against gunpowder. The beginning, that is to say, of the end of *all* fortification; of the system which costs you fifteen millions a year, and leaves at this instant England without defence.

5. While you think of these things, let the horses go on quietly, — for the road now turns away from the city and still ascends — until, in another half hour, you will find yourself almost on a mountain summit, broken down into crags to the eastward, and grey — or grey-purple — with the lurid but lovely blue of the field Eryngium. From this brow you may see entire Verona, and all the plain between Alp and Apennine; and so, if you please, we will find a place where the rocks are mossy, and sit down, and consider a little what this

landscape of all the landscapes in the world has specially to say to us.

6. And, first, let us note exactly where we are. We may now see easily that we are on the point of a vast promontory or spur about ten miles long, thrown out from the Alps; and of which the last rock dies into the plain, exactly at that eastern gate of Verona out of which we came to climb it. Now this promontory is one of the sides of the great gate out of Germany into Italy, through which the Goths always entered: cloven up to Innspruck by the Inn; and down to Verona by the Adige. And by this gate not only the Gothic armies came, but after the Italian nation is formed, the current of northern life enters still into its heart through the mountain artery, as constantly and strongly as the cold waves of the Adige itself.

Now the porch of it here towards Italy is literally like a scene in the Arabian Nights. It reminds one precisely of some such passage as—"And at the end of the plain the prince came to a gate between two mountains; and the mountains were mixed of marble and brass." That is here literally true. The rock of this

promontory on which we are seated hardens as we trace it back to the Alps, first into a limestone having knots of splendid brown jasper in it, as our chalk has flints, and in a few miles more into true marble, coloured by iron into a glowing orange or pale, warm red — the peach-blossom marble, of which Verona is chiefly built: and then as you advance farther into the hills, into variegated marbles, so rich and grotesque in their veinings, and so fancifully lending themselves to decoration, that this last time of my stay at Verona I was quite seriously impeded in my examinations of sculpture, and disturbed in what — at the age of 51 — may yet be left in me of poetical sentiment, by involuntary misgivings whether the churches were real churches, or only museums of practical geology in connection with that of Jermyn Street.

7. Now, understand that you are seated upon this mountain promontory, which at its base has been the beginning of lovely building, and at its extremity the beginning of accurate science. I want you to look out from it again upon the landscape at its feet.

There is, first, this blue Lombardic plain, wide as the sea; and in the very centre of it, at about twelve miles away from you, a little cluster of domes and towers, with a gleam of white water round them. That is *Mantua.* Look beyond its fretted outline, and you will see that in that direction the plain, elsewhere boundless, is ended by undulation of soft hills. Those are the Apennines above *Parma.* Then look to the left, and just beyond the roots of the Alps, you will see the cluster of the cones of the Euganean hills, and the space at their feet in which rests *Padua,* and the gleam of horizon beyond them in which rests *Venice.* Look, then, north-eastward, and touched into a crown of strange rubies as the sun descends, there is the snowy cluster of the Alps of Friuli.

8. Then turn to the north-west, and under the sunset itself you will see the Adige flow from its enchanted porch of marble, and in one strong and almost straight stream, blanched always bright by its swiftness, reflecting on its eddies neither bank nor cloud, but only light, stretch itself along among the vines, to the Verona lying at your

feet: there first it passes the garden walls of the Church of St. Zeno, then under the battlements of the great bridge of the Scaligers, then passes away out of sight behind the hill on which, though among ghastly modern buildings, here and there you may still trace a grey fragment of tower and wall — the remnants of the palace of Theodoric of Verona — Dietrich of Bern.

9. Now, I do not think that there is any other rock in all the world, from which the places, and monuments, of so complex and deep a fragment of the history of its ages can be visible, as from this piece of crag, with its blue and prickly weeds. For you have thus beneath you at once, the birthplaces of Virgil and of Livy, the homes of Dante and Petrarch, and the source of the most sweet and pathetic inspiration to your own Shakespeare; the spot where the civilisation of the Gothic kingdoms was founded on the throne of Theodoric, and where whatever was strongest in the Italian race redeemed itself into life by its league against Barbarossa. You have the cradle of natural science and medicine in the schools of Padua; the central light of Italian chivalry in the power

of the Scaligers; the chief stain of Italian cruelty, in that of Ezzelin; and, lastly, the birthplace of the highest art; for among these hills, or by this very Adige bank, were born Mantegna, Titian, Correggio, and Veronese.

10. Now, I hope some day to trace out a few threads of this history, especially that of the earlier times, unspeakably full of pathetic interest: there are no tragedies like the tragedies of Verona under the Gothic and Lombard Kings. To-night, I shall keep to my poor old work, only among the Stones of Verona, instead of Venice. I cannot disentangle for you even the simplest of the inlaid threads of this tapestry of the fates of men that here lies beneath us, infinite like the purple of the great valley and the greater hills. But I can now mass it out for you in its broad design of light and darkness, — better, at least, than I was able to do twenty years ago, when I first tried to interpret the story of these cities of the plain.

11. You will find I have divided the drawings from Verona placed here to-night,[1] into three sepa-

[[1] A full catalogue of which is given in "On the Old Road," vol. i. pp. 665-673.]

rate series. The first, of so-called Lombard architecture; the second, of Gothic; the third, of the early period of Revival, with its connected painting.

The first period — Lombard — extends to the end of the 12th century; and is the expression of the introduction of Christianity into barbaric minds. Now, whatever we may think, a savage cannot be made a Christian at once; and this whole Lombardic period is not one of *Christianity*, but of Christianisation.

You have next the Gothic period, Dante's time, lasting about two hundred years — from 1200 to 1400 — (Dante beginning his poem exactly in the midst of it, in 1300.) This is the period of vital Christianity, and of the development of the laws of chivalry, and forms of imagination, which are founded on Christianity.

Thirdly, you have the first period of the Revival in which the arts of Greece, and some of its religion, return; and join themselves to Christianity. They do not take away the sincerity of our religion, nor even its earnestness; but they make it poetical instead of practical.

The fourth period is that in which even this

poetical Christianity expires. The arts become devoted to the pursuit of pleasure: and in that they perish, except where they are saved by a healthy naturalism, or domesticity.

But there is so much of good and evil in this period, including modern days, — so much truth in what Carlyle has said, that we are saturated with hypocrisy, — and yet so much strength and life in the substance that is thus saturated, — that I will venture no positive general statement to you this evening.

I have only put one photograph from Raphael next to one from John Bellini,[1] to show you, in sharp contrast, the mediæval Christianity of which John Bellini, and the modern Christianity of which Raphael, are severally the most powerful interpreters.

12. Let me characterise these periods more distinctly.

The Lombardic period, that of Christianisation, is one of savage but noble life gradually subjected to law. It is the forming of men, not out of

[1 The "Madonna della Seggiola" of Raphael, and a Madonna of Bellini.]

clay, but out of splendid wild beasts, often as gentle as they are wild, but of unconquered animal nature. And all art of that date, in all countries, including our own Norman especially, is, in the inner heart of it, the subjection of savage or terrible, or wilful and wandering life, to a dominant law. It is government and conquest of fearful dreams. There is in it as yet no germ of true hope; only the conquest of evil, and the waking from darkness and terror.

The literature of it, as in Greece, is far in advance of art, and is already full of the most tender and impassioned beauty, while the art is still grotesque and dreadful; but however wild, it is supreme above all others by its expression of governing law, and here at Verona is the very centre and utmost reach of that expression. I know nothing in architecture at once so exquisite, and so wild, and so strange, in the expression of self-conquest achieved almost in a dream.

13. For, observe, these barbaric races, educated in violence, chiefly in war and in hunting — cannot feel or see clearly, as they are gradually civilised, whether this element in which they have

been brought up, is evil or not. They *must* be good soldiers, and hunters, — that is their life; yet they know now that killing is evil, and they must not expect any more to find wild beasts to hunt in heaven. They have been trained by pain, by violence, by hunger and cold. They know there is a good in these things as well as an evil; they are perpetually hesitating between the one and other thought of them. But one thing is clear to them, — that killing and hunting, and every form of misery, of pleasure, and of passion, must somehow at last be subdued by law, which shall bring good out of it all, and which they feel more and more constraining them every hour.

14. Now if, with this sympathy, you look at their dragon and wild beast decoration, you will find that it now tells you about these Lombards far more than they could know of themselves. You may smile at my saying so: but all the actions, and much more the arts, of men tell to others, not only what the worker does not know — but what he never can know of himself, which you can only recognise by being in an element more advanced and wider than his.

And then also remember, even in deliberate symbolism, the question is always, as I have several times lately had to urge[1] — not what a symbol meant first, or meant elsewhere — but what it means now, and means here. Now this dragon symbol of the Lombards is used of course all over the world: it means good here, and evil there; sometimes means nothing, sometimes everything. You have always to ask what the man who here uses it means by it. Whatever is in his mind, that he is sure partly to express by it; nothing else than that can he at all express by it. An angel, to Angelico, is an angel indeed; to Correggio, it is a cupid; and a creature with eagle's wings and lion's limbs is, to a Hebrew, a cherub, — to a Lombard, a griffin.[2]

15. Now, in the second period which you may think of broadly as Dante's time, you have the highest development of Italian character and chivalry with an entirely believed Christian re-

[1 Compare "Queen of the Air," chap. i., §§ 1–8.]

[2 See the plate in "Modern Painters," vol. iii. pl. 1.] What it means, doubtful; but, on the whole, grim power conquering pain and temptation, the pillars of the church borne up by it.

ligion. You get therefore joy, and courtesy, and hope, and a lovely peace in death. And with these you have two fearful elements of evil. You have, first, such confidence in the virtue of the Creed, that men hate and persecute all who do not accept it. And, worse still, you find such confidence in the power of the Creed, that men not only can do anything that is wrong, and be themselves for a word of faith pardoned, but are even sure that after the wrong is done, God is sure to put it all right again for them, or even make things better than they were before.

16. Now, I need not point out to you how the spirit of persecution, as well as of vain hope founded on a creed only, is mingled in every line with the lovely moral teaching of the Divina Commedia; nor need I point out to you how, between the persecution of other people's creeds, and the absolution of one's own crimes, all Christian error is concluded.

But I will give you two most singular instances of both feelings, out of this Verona at our feet; for the power of the city in Italy rose and fell in the two centuries of the Christian period.

17. The founder of the power of the Scalas was Mastino, a simple citizen, chosen first to be Podestà, and then Captain of Verona after the fall of Ezzelin.

He had been elected for his justice and sagacity, and he perished by his gentleness; being assassinated in private vengeance for his endeavour to end a family feud without blood. All his policy was wise and peaceful, and it is only as part of the fulfilment of his kindly purposes that we have this fact recorded of the civil powers underneath him.

"And because by the continuance of wars and civil discords, many great abuses and heresies had sprung up in the Veronese territory, it was determined in the Council to extirpate that bad root. And so in the year 1276, by command of the citizens in authority, the Bishop of Verona, and Brother Philip Bononcorsi, the Inquisitor of Mantua, with Master Pinamonte, the father of the said Inquisitor, and Podestà of Verona; and finally Master Albert della Scala, the brother and vicegerent of Master Mastino, the Captain; went with a troop to Sirmione, Peninsula of the

Lago di Garda, and proceeded in a brisk manner —*gagliardamente*— against these said heretics and bad Christians, as well of Sirmione as of the surrounding villages and castles, in which they found a good hundred — *ben cento*, including both men and women, who were greatly faultful and incorrigible, and they had them all burned in the said place for an example to the others, — *Si fecero tutti in detto luogo abbrucciare per esempio degli altri.*"

18. That, then, is the spirit in which the Gothic power is founded. And observe the reason of its intense bitterness is, among many others, this chiefly — the fear of the disturbance of its hope after death.

And it is this hope, and the continual dwelling upon the conquest of death, and the rewards of faith, which distinctly mark the Christian time. The Lombard architecture, observe, expresses the triumph of law over passion; the Christian, that of hope over sorrow.

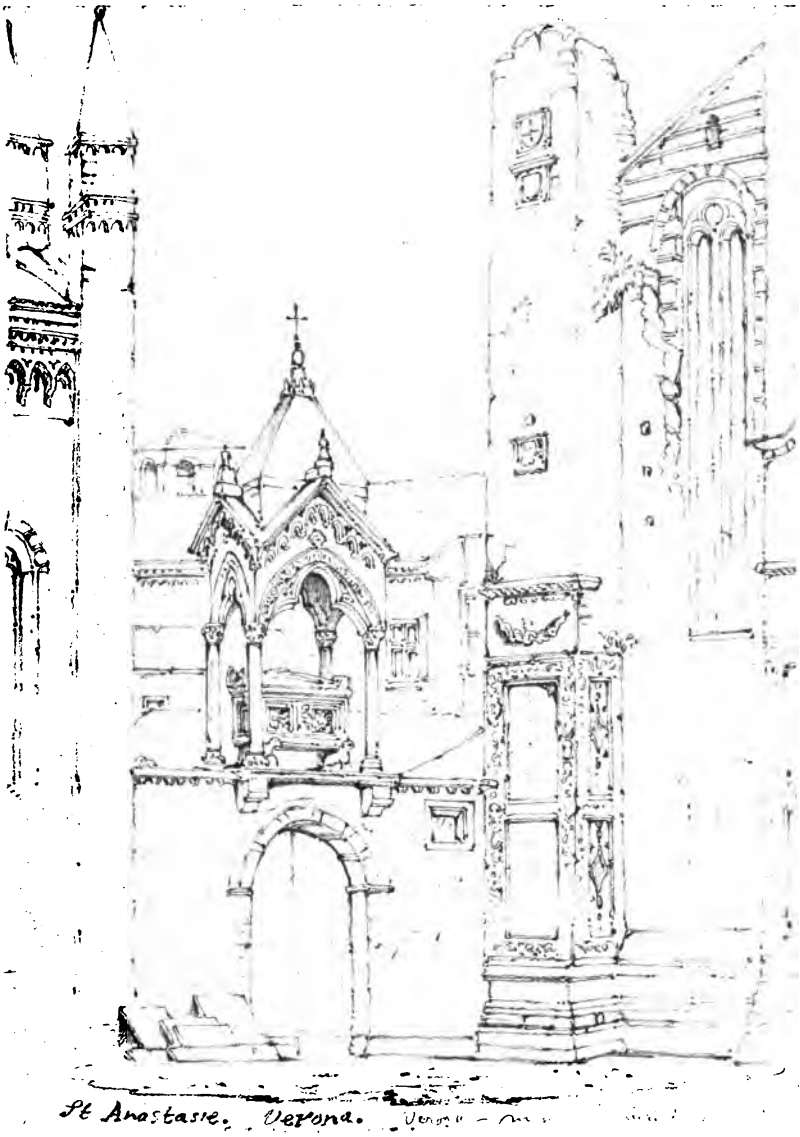
And the loveliness of building which was before given to churches only, now is given to tombs, not merely as shrines of saints, but as the dwell-

ing-places of those who have fallen asleep. Hence it is that the tomb-buildings of Verona are permitted to stand among its palaces, and, side by side, the presence chambers of the living and the dead.

19. I have already had occasion to dwell enough on the beauty of this feeling. I must now mark also the danger of its corruption.

The most splendid of the tombs, of which you will find various drawings in the next room, was built — as you all probably know — by Can Signorio della Scala, a prince who had in every way benefited and cared for the city; and among other minor gifts, bestowed on it one by which it profits to this day, the fountain of the great square. He was deeply religious; meditated constantly on his death, and believed that he should be entirely happy in the next world, if only he were assured of the prosperity and secure reign of his children in this one.

Accordingly, "on the fourteenth day of September, 1375, knowing that his death drew near, he called to him his two dear friends, Master Guglielmo Bevilacqua and Master Tommaso de'

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V. The Castelbarco Tomb,

Sta. Anastasia, Verona.

1835.

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VI. The upper part of the
Tomb of Can Signorio,

Perigrini, with some of the first people of the city; and then he made come into his sight Bartolommeo and Antonio his sons, one fifteen years old and the other thirteen, and in the presence of these gentlemen he said to them, 'My sons, the love that I bear you is so great that by cause of it I fear I shall suffer some punishment after I am dead, wishing to leave you altogether lords; and if in this I have committed sin, may the Lord our God give me the punishment of it, which willingly I shall suffer, so that you may remain in prosperity. I am now leaving you a most fair state, noble and faithful; if you will be good and temperate, you will enjoy it a long time in stability; but if, on the contrary, you become vile, foolish, and discordant, it will be mutable and brief. Wherefore I command you as your lord, and pray you as a tender father, that you would be obedient to these gentlemen whom I have always loved, and under whose government and guardianship I leave you; and above the others I assign to you Master Gugliemo Builacqua here for a father in my room, and Master Tommasso Peregrini for tutor; and if you use their

counsels, I have no doubt of your security, for I leave you besides a state enriched with every good; and above all things I recommend to you justice, and the fear of the Highest God, and the care of your people, to whom, if you are good and just and pitiful lords, they will be faithful to you.' Whereupon he kept silence, not being able to speak more for abundance of tears."

20. The scene is a very touching one; but the fault of which Can Signorio thus prepared himself to bear the punishment, had severe penalty, even in the world he left. It was the murder of his two brothers; the second of whom he sent orders to kill in prison, from this very deathbed, after he had dismissed his children. And the end of all was, that one of these children murdered the other, and was driven himself from the throne — so ending the dynasty of the Scalas.

21. Now of course your first impulse — when you know the whole story — is to think the man's entire character assumed. It was *not* assumed; and the great lesson we have to learn from him is the boundless possibility of self-deception in religious bigotry, especially in Christian bigotry: for

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VII. Detail from Can Grande's Tomb:

Madonna of the Annunciation and heraldic Dog.

Christianity is a religion of mercy and truth, and when it is corrupt it corrupts into its reverse; and there is no cruelty like the cruelty of Christians, and no fallacy like their falsehood. We fancy we are so very sincere ourselves; but the Christian avarice of London commits more murders in a day, than the worst Christian ambition of the Scalas did in their two centuries of power at Verona.

22. Well, we won't end the Gothic time with Can Signorio. Here is the tomb of that pious person: — but here is the tomb of a good knight and true, living, I think, the busiest and the brightest life that you can find in the annals of chivalry.

His contemporary, Castruccio Castracani, whose sword was given to the present King of Italy at Lucca, was as brave and energetic, but yet selfish and cold in temper compared to the Great Dog of the Scalas — Cane Francesco, — *Belligero terribile, et robusto.*

First he won his wife, Joanna, by a *coup de main;* he fell in love with her when she was a girl, in Rome; then, she was going to be sent into Scotland to be married; but she had to go through Verona, to the Adige gate. So Can Grande

pounced upon her; declared she was much too precious a gem — *preziosa gemma* — to be sent to Scotland, and — she went no farther. Then he fortified, as I told you, Verona against the Germans; dug the great moat out of its rocks; built its wall and towers; established his court of royal and thoughtful hospitality; became the chief Ghibelline captain of Lombardy, and the receiver of noble exiles from all other states; possessed himself by hard fighting of Vicenza also; then of Padua; then, either by strength or subtlety, of Feltre, — Belluno, — Bassano; and died at 37, — of eating apples when he was too hot, — in the year 1329.

23. And now, thirdly, we come to the period when classical literature and art were again known in Italy, and the painters and sculptors, who had been gaining steadily in power for two hundred years, — power not of practice merely, but of race also, — with every circumstance in their favour around them, received their finally perfect instruction both in geometrical science, in that of materials, and in the anatomy and action of the human body. Also, the people

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VIII. Can Grande at the Battle of Vicenza,
Bas relief.

about them, — the models of their work, — had been perfected in personal beauty by chivalric war; in imagination, by a transcendental philosophy; in practical intellect, by stern struggle for civic law; and by commerce, not in falsely-made, or vile, or unclean things, but in lovely things, beautifully and honestly made. And now, therefore, you get out of all the world's long history since it was peopled by men till now — you get just fifty years of perfect work. Perfect. It is a strong word. It is also a *true* one. The doing of these fifty years is unaccusably Right, as art. What its sentiment may be — whether too great or too little — whether superficial or sincere, is another question; but as artist's work, it admits no conception of anything better. It is true that in the following age, founded on the absolutely stern rectitude of this, there came a phase of gigantic power, and of exquisite ease and felicity, which possess an awe and a charm of their own. They are just as insuperable, and they are more inimitable, than the work of the perfect School. But they are not *perfect*. It is a most subtle

question whether the greater manifestation of power in them indicate greater inherent power or not.

24. I am not able — no man, unless one of their equals, would be able — to tell you, whether there is really more strength in Gainsborough, who can draw a mouth with one undulatory sweep of his pencil — or in Carpaccio, who will take half-an-hour at least to do apparently little more. But I can tell you positively that Carpaccio's work is faultless. When done, it is a mouth; and a perfect one; whereas Gainsborough's is only a lovely streak of vermilion, which looks like a mouth a little way off.

25. Now it is very difficult to find a name for this wonderful fifty years' space. You cannot call it classical, for its style differs in all kinds of ways from the time antique. Still less can you call it Christian, for its direct inspiration is entirely Heathen. You cannot name it from any king; for no king at this time was worthy of the age; and you cannot name it from any one Art Master, for twenty masters were equally worthy of it at once. So I shall call it simply

the Age of the Masters. Fifty years, mind you. I cannot name half their great workmen for you, but these are the greatest of them — Luini, Lionardo, John Bellini, Vettor Carpaccio, Andrea Mantegna, Andrea Verrocchio, Cima da Conegliano, Perugino, and in date — though only in his earlier life belonging to the school — Raphael. But you may best recollect the great fifty years as the prime of the life of three men: — John Bellini, born 1426, died at 90, in 1516; Mantegna, born 1430, died at 76, in 1506; and Vettor Carpaccio, — the date of his birth is unknown, but he died about 1522.

26. Now, observe, the object of these masters is wholly different from that of the former school. The central Gothic men always want chiefly to impress you with the facts of their subject; but the masters of this finished time desire only to make everything dainty, delightful, and perfect. We have not many pictures of the class in England, but several have been of late added to the National Gallery; and the Perugino there, especially the compartment with Raphael and Tobit, and the little St. Jerome by John Bellini, will per-

fectly show you this main character — pictorial perfectness and deliciousness — sought before everything else. You will find, if you look into that St. Jerome, that everything in it is exquisite, complete, and pure; there is not a particle of dust in the cupboards nor of cloud in the air; the wooden shutters are dainty, the candlesticks are dainty, the saint's scarlet hat is dainty, and its violet tassel, and its riband, and his blue cloak, and his spare pair of shoes, and his little brown partridge; — it is all a perfect quintessence of innocent luxury — absolute delight, without one drawback in it, nor taint of the Devil anywhere.

I don't quite know another picture like it except a Nativity by Luini belonging to the present Count Borromeo; — it is a picture about the same size, painted rather more slightly than Luini's usual work in oil, and with a felicity of heart that wholly refuses to see anything grave in this Nativity; it is a bright fable of perfect joy, and heaven come down to earth; the Madonna is not worshipping the child, but merely holding it and gazing at it, her face lost in one sweet satisfied rapture of mere love. She is going to lay it in the manger, —

and because the straw is out of order, two exquisite little cherubs with ruby wings are shaking it up.

27. Well; for other pictures of this class, there were two exquisite ones in the Winter Academy, — a little Narcissus by Luini, and the Peter Martyr by John Bellini; the last very valuable, because you saw in a moment the main characteristic of the school, — that it mattered not in the least to John, and that he doesn't expect it to matter to you, whether people are martyred or not, so long as one can make a pretty grey of their gowns, and a nice white of their sleeves, and infinite decoration of forest leaves behind, and a divine picture at last out of all. Everything in the world was done and made only that it might be rightly painted — that is the true master's creed.

28. I used to think all this very wrong once, and that it meant general falseness and hardness of heart, and so on. It means nothing of the kind. It means only that one's whole soul is put into one's work; and that the entire soul so spent is healthy and happy, and cannot vex itself with questions, cares, or pains.

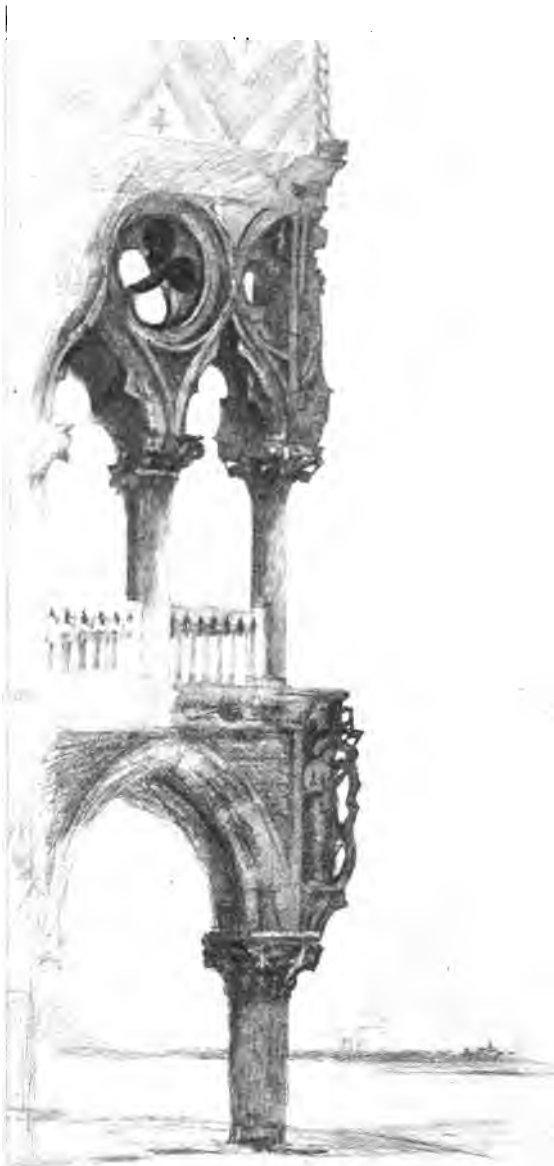
29. And now I have only a few words more to say about a very different subject.

I asked you to come to-night that I might talk to you about Verona and its rivers. There is but one at Verona; nevertheless, Dante connects its name with that of the Po, when he says of the whole of Lombardy —

> "In sul Paese, che Adice e Po riga,
> Solea valore e cortesia trovarsi
> Prima che Federigo avesse briga."

I want to speak for a minute or two about those great rivers; because in the efforts that are now being made to restore some of its commerce to Venice, precisely the same questions are being debated which, again and again, ever since Venice was a city, have put her senate at pause — namely, how to hold in check the continually advancing morass formed by the silt brought down by the Alpine rivers.

30. Is it not strange that, for at least six hundred years, the Venetians have been contending with those great rivers — at their *mouths*, that is to say, where their strength has become wholly irresistible;



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IX. Angle of the Ducal Palace, looking seaward from the Piazzetta, Venice.

and never once thought of contending with them at their sources, where their infinitely separated streamlets might be — and are meant by heaven to be — ruled, as easily as children? And observe how sternly, how constantly, the place where they are to be governed is marked by the mischief done by their liberty. Consider what the advance of the delta of the Po in the Adriatic signifies among the Alps. The evil of the delta itself, however great, is as nothing in comparison of the mischief which is in its origin. The gradual destruction of the harbourage of Venice, the endless cost of delaying it, the malaria of the whole coast down to Ravenna, nay, the raising of the bed of the Po, to the imperilling of all Lombardy, are but secondary evils. Every acre of that increasing delta means *the devastation of part of an Alpine valley, and the loss of so much fruitful soil and ministering rain.* Some of you now present must have passed this year through the valleys of the Toccia and Ticino. You know, therefore, the devastation that was caused there, as well as in the valley of the Rhone, by the great floods of 1868, and that ten years of labour, even if the peasantry had still the heart

for labour, cannot redeem those districts into fertility. What you have there seen on a vast scale, takes place to a certain extent during every summer thunderstorm, and from the ruin of some portion of fruitful land, the dust descends to increase the marshes of the Po.

31. But observe farther, — whether fed by sudden melting of snow, or by storm, every destructive rise of the Italian rivers signifies the loss of so much power of irrigation on the south side of the Alps. You must all well know the look of their chain, seen from Milan or Turin late in summer, — how little snow is left, except on Monte Rosa; how vast a territory of brown mountain-side, heated and barren, without rocks, yet without forest. There is in that brown-purple zone, and along the flanks of every valley that divides it, another Lombardy of cultivable land; and every drift of rain that swells the mountain torrents, if it were caught where it falls, is more truly rain of gold than fell in the tower of Danae. But we seek gold beneath the rocks; and we will not so much as make a trench along the hill-side to catch it when it falls from heaven; and where,

if not so caught, it changes into a frantic monster, first ravaging hamlet and field in fury, and then sinking, along the shores of Venice, into poisoned sleep. Think what that belt of the Alps might be — up to four thousand feet above the plain — if the system of terraced irrigation, which even half-savage nations discovered and practised long ago, in China and in Borneo, and by which our own engineers have subdued districts of farthest India, were but in part also practised here, — here, in the oldest and proudest centre of European arts, where Lionardo da Vinci — master among the masters — first discovered the laws of the coiling clouds and wandering streams, so that to this day his engineering remains unbettered by modern science; and yet in this centre of all human achievements of genius, no thought has been taken to receive with sacred art these great gifts of quiet snow and flying rain. Think, I repeat, what that south slope of the Alps might be; one paradise of lovely pasture and avenued forest of chestnut and blossomed trees, with cascades, docile and innocent as infants, laughing all summer long from crag to crag and pool to

pool, and the Adige and the Po, the Dora and the Ticino, no more defiled, no more alternating between fierce flood and venomous languor, but in calm, clear currents, bearing ships to every city, and health to every field of all that azure plain of Lombard Italy.

32. Now I know that you come to the Royal Institution that you may pass, if it may be, a pleasant evening, and that I have no right to tease you with economical or philanthropical projects: — but thinking of you now as indulgent friends, with whom I am grateful to be allowed to begin, as you know I first in public begin to-day, work involving no small responsibility,[1] you will not think it wrong in me to tell you that it has now become a most grave object with me to get some of the great pictures of the Italian schools into England, and that I think at this time, with good help, it might be contrived. Farther, without in the least urging my plans impatiently on any one else, I know thoroughly that this which I have said *should* be done for the Italian rivers — *can* be done, and that no

[1 The work of the Slade Professorship.]

method of employment of our idle able-bodied labourers would in the end be more remunerative, or in the beginnings of it more healthful and every way beneficial, than with the concurrence of the Italian and Swiss governments, setting them to redeem the valleys of the Ticino and the Rhone. And I pray you to think of this; for I tell you truly, — you who love Italy, that both her passions and her mountain streams are noble; but that her happiness depends, not on the Liberties, but the right *Government* of both.

# II.

# THE STORY OF ARACHNE.

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*An Address, delivered on December 13th, 1870, at the distribution of prizes gained by Students in the Woolwich branch of the Science and Art Department; Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) in the chair.*

[1. AFTER apologising for the hasty preparation of his Address, Professor Ruskin went on to speak rather to those who had not succeeded in gaining prizes than to those who had succeeded; urging that to be undistinguished was the lot, though not necessarily the misfortune, of many. At that moment, every one had set his heart on Education, and it seemed to be taken, that any education was better than none. But no education was not always the worst of things, for one of the best companions he had ever met was a Savoyard peasant who could neither read nor write, but who was an entertaining talker and a practical philosopher. A good education was usually supposed to comprehend reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, geology, astronomy, Latin, Greek, and other languages: — and after this, all that was to be done was to grow rich and happy. He knew something of most of these things, but they did not constitute his happiness; for the geologists disputed his theories, and he was miserable

about the smallness of his collection of specimens. When he was a boy, and for the first time received the present of a colour-box, he was delighted with all that he did with it. "You don't suppose," he continued, "getting a colour-box is any pleasure to me now. I'm ashamed to spoil the look of the paints, for fear I shouldn't make a good picture out of them."] [1]

2. All these things, — Literature, Science, and Art, — have been to me, and will be to all other men, good or evil, — not according to the degree of their attainments in them, but according to the use they make of them. And that depends upon quite another sort of Education, which indeed is beyond all price, and therefore which all parents may give their children if they choose. I have especially to thank mine for four pieces of Education, to which I owe whatever happiness or power remains to me.

3. First, I was taught to be obedient. That discipline began very early. One evening, — my mother being rather proud of this told me the

[[1] This paragraph in square brackets is compiled mainly from the newspaper report, to take the place of the first few pages of the original MS., which are wanting.

The "Savoyard peasant" is no doubt the guide Joseph Couttet, of whom frequent mention is made in *Præterita*.]

story often, — when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose: but I was resolute about it. My mother bid me keep my fingers back: I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said — "Let him touch it, Nurse." So I touched it, — and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word Liberty. It was the first piece of Liberty I got; and the last which for some time I asked for.

4. Secondly, I was taught to be quiet.

When I was a very little child, my parents not being rich, and my mother having to see to many things herself, she used to shut me into a room upstairs, with some bits of wood and a bunch of keys, and say — "John, if you make a noise, you shall be whipped."

To that piece of Education I owe most of my powers of thinking; and, — more valuable to me still, — of amusing myself anywhere and with anything.

5. Thirdly; as soon as I could run, I was taken

down to Croydon, and left to play by the river Wandel; and afterwards, when I was older, to Cumberland and Yorkshire. And that was the most important part of my Science and Art Education: the rest I've done pretty nearly for myself, with help of books.

6. Then, the fourth thing I was taught was Kindness to Animals, and curiosity about seeing them,— not stuffed in a scientific manner, but with their heads set on their shoulders in their own way.

Not that even *that's* always a graceful way: and the more I look at them, sometimes, the less graceful I think it. Indeed, I once got into violent disgrace in a religious journal, for having alleged that, in a certain sense, machines were more perfect things than animals.

I am afraid you will not give me credit for understanding, or appreciating, anything in machinery, unless I read you this passage: —

7. "I cannot express the amazed awe,— the crushed humility, — with which I sometimes watch a locomotive take its breath at a railway station, and think what work there is in its bars and

wheels, and what manner of men they must be who dig brown ironstone out of the ground, and forge it into THAT! What assemblage of accurate and mighty faculties in them; more than fleshly power over melting crag and coiling fire, fettered, and finessed at last into the precision of watch-making; Titanian hammer-strokes, beating, out of lava, these glittering cylinders and timely-respondent valves, and fine-ribbed rods, which touch each other as a serpent writhes, in noiseless gliding, and omnipotence of grasp; infinitely complex anatomy of active steel, compared with which the skeleton of a living creature would seem, to a careless observer, clumsy and vile,— a mere morbid secretion and phosphatous prop of flesh! What would the men who thought out this,— who beat it out, who touched it into its polished calm of power, who set it to its appointed task, and triumphantly saw it fulfil this task to the utmost of their will,— feel or think about this weak hand of mine, timidly leading a little stain of watercolour, which I cannot manage, into an imperfect shadow of something else,— mere failure in every motion, and endless disappointment, — What, I

repeat, would these Iron-dominant Genii think of me? — and what ought I to think of them?"

8. That was what I felt then, and feel always; and I wonder often whether you dexterous mechanists share with me in this feeling of the incompletion and rudeness of the mechanical arrangements in animals. I am nearly always disappointed in watching the way *they* set about things. Of course, allowance must be made for their languor and carelessness in captivity; but, with every such allowance, I still am impressed with their inefficiency of instrument.

9. Look at an eagle feeding! He does not so much hold or grasp his piece of meat, as stand on it. He pulls languidly at it from between his toes, — it drags through his toothless beak. He pulls harder at it, and upsets himself, — and recovers his balance with a frightened flap of his wing; and so goes on, tearing and tottering through his dinner, — an ignoble, uncomfortable creature, — a most weak machine.

Nay, a friend of mine one day saw two eagles trying to catch a mouse. One pounced down upon it, and it got through the hollow of his

claws; the other came to help him, — but they only ran against each other, and the mouse got away between them.

10. Look at a pelican trying to get a fish out of the water; not a living fish, — *that* would be too much to expect of him, — but a stone dead one. He gapes at it, and slobbers, and gets half hold of it, and lets it slip, and tries, and tries again, with a — not exemplary, but stupid patience. I've only once seen him get one fairly into his mouth: I've seen him again and again trying to catch his own cast feathers, instead of fish; which does not seem much in favour of the theory which my much-respected friend, Professor Huxley, asserted to me only the other day, — that sight was a mechanical operation. If it were mechanical, I think, it would be, in some cases, worse done, — in many, better; and pelicans wouldn't try to catch their own feathers.

11. And so throughout the inferior races of animals; there is not so much, really, to be struck with in the beauty, as in the awkwardness of their mechanism. They stand on one leg, and don't know what to do with the other; they hop in an

unseemly manner; they waddle; they squat; they try to scratch themselves where they can't reach; they try to eat what they can't swallow; their existence is an alternation between clumsy effort and sulky repose. There are rare exceptions: — a swift on the wing, for instance; even then, with the great drawback that its voice is nearly as horrible a piece of mechanism as a steam whistle: — admirable exceptions, on the perfect side, counterbalanced by agonies of awkwardness on the deficient side; as, for instance, the unscrewed joints and altogether ridiculous over-leverage in the framework of a daddy-long-legs, leaving his legs in your tea.

12. That's what I feel, and what I must — if I say anything — say that I feel. And so I get into final disgrace with the religious journal, which dutifully felt — as it was expected of it to feel on all occasions. But the religious journal, in its hasty offence, had not noticed that in admitting the deficient mechanism, I had been only the more asserting the presence of a strange spirit in the creatures, and contemplating, with ever and ever renewed amazement, something

infinitely beyond mechanism, which taught, — or, more accurately speaking, compelled them to do what was indeed essential to their lives, in what was not necessarily a beautiful — but *was* always a quite incomprehensible manner; and that, not merely incomprehensible in the instinct of it (as in the dexterity with which a bird weaves the twigs in its nest, and fastens it securely into the fork of a tree that swings in the wind like a pendulum) — not in the mere instinct and wit of it only amazing, but after, also, in an inscrutable mystery of method.

13. Take, for instance, quite one of the simplest pieces of the art of animals, — a Cobweb. It is one of which, if I am called upon in my capacity of Professor of Fine Art to give a critical opinion, I cannot speak in terms of too strong admiration; though also one, with respect to which, as a political economist, I entirely concur in the sentiments of the exemplary British House-wife or House-maiden.

14. But have you ever considered how a spider constructs it? You see it is always a kind of suspension-bridge, — a complex system of wires,

— hung across a space. How is the first wire cable got across? Take the simplest instance, — a cobweb in the corner of a room. Do you think the spider spins her first thread along the walls round the corner, and then, when she has got to the opposite point, pulls it tight? Not she. Her thread is strongly glutinous; if she carried it round, it would stick to the wall all the way; and when she had got it round, and had to pull it tight, what would she do with the length to spare? She has no windlass to wind it on, and if she had, couldn't afford to waste all that cable; for she spins her cable out of her life, and her life depends on her having enough of it always to replace the housemaid's ruin of her. She can't afford to waste lengths of it to go round corners with. No! She goes straight across in the air. But how? It isn't easy to see her at her work, for she gets away, or feigns dead, if you look too close; but if you stay quite quiet when she is spinning among trees, until she takes you for an ugly log rather in her way, she'll go on; and then you will see, still more, how impossible it is for her to carry her cable down and up, as you do. Fancy

carrying a thin, sticky thread of gum, in and out among tree branches and leaves, six feet or so down to the ground, and up again to the branch she wants, and then pulling it tight, — twelve feet of sticky, slack cable among twigs, for six inches wanted taut!

15. Not she! You may see her cross as calmly as if there was a railroad in the air. You cannot see the thread she crosses on, — it is too fine. Yet that fine thread she has thrown out first before her, — thrown out with an aim, as a chameleon its tongue at an insect; struck the exact leaf she wants; will go on with her cross-threads, striking the point she wants with the end of her thread as surely as you would with a rifle-shot, — literally "projecting" her geometrical figures that way.

Fancy the jugglery there is in that! You may have seen a juggler wind tape out of his mouth before now, but did you ever see him throw out a cable from his mouth, fifty yards long, straight as a shot?

16. I am not sure how far this contrivance of the spider be indeed inexplicable; but I am

quite sure you will find it wonderful. And so, I am sure of this, which is the thing I wish to impress upon you, that all fine art begins with the inexplicable; that only in the thing which you cannot show another person how to do, is there anything really beautiful. And it is the great mistake we English make about art and nature, both (art and science, that is:) — we think that somehow the trick of both can be taught; that by formal rules and mechanical work we can turn out Tintorets and Michael Angelos, as we do locomotives; and that by careful dissection we shall detect, at last, how a spider — or a man — works, as we find out the springs of a Dutch toy.

17. That is not so; but these are not the first days in which it has been so imagined. This very spider's web, of which we have been talking, was made by the ancients their daily lesson in this matter. You have all heard of Arachne, and how she was changed into a spider; but perhaps you never have heard her story quite through, — and it is worth hearing and thinking of.

18. Arachne was a Lydian girl, of a poor

family; and, as all girls should do, she had learned to spin and to weave; and not merely to weave or knit good stout clothes, but to make pictures upon, or in them, such as, you know, Penelope is said to have woven, and such as the queen of our own William the Conqueror embroidered, which are still preserved at Bayeux in Normandy, and known all over the world as the Bayeux tapestry.

Well, Arachne could make the most beautiful pictures, with her needle or shuttle, that ever were seen in those days. I don't know if young girls still sew "sampler;" I wish they did, and will tell you why presently. But to finish with Arachne.

19. She was so proud of her beautiful sewing, that she wished the goddess Minerva herself, — whom, if you will not think it affected, I would rather call by her own name of Athena, — would come and try her skill against her. Now the goddess Athena always wove and embroidered her own dresses, and she was not going to let a poor little Lydian girl challenge her at her own special work. So she came first to Arachne

under the likeness of an old woman, prudent and gentle; and spoke kindly to Arachne, and told her a little Lydian girl ought not to be proud, and ought not to challenge goddesses. But Arachne, on that, only got more insolent; told the old woman to hold her tongue, and that she only wished Athena would come herself that instant. So Athena changed from the old woman into herself, and accepted the challenge; and they sat down beside each other, the goddess and the girl, and began to weave.

20. Now, the story, as it is carelessly read, ends, as it seems, quite disgracefully for the goddess. Arachne's work is as quickly done as hers; and as well. It is surrounded and finished with an exquisite border of ivy-leaves. Athena looks close, and cannot find the least fault with it. Whereupon she loses her temper; tears her rival's tapestry to pieces; and strikes her four times across the forehead with her box-wood shuttle. Arachne, mad with anger, hangs herself; and Athena changes her into a venomous spider.[1]

[[1] Ovid, Metamorphoses, vi. 1–145.]

At first sight, like many other stories of the kind, this seems not only degrading, but meaningless. The old mythologists, however, always made their best fables rough on the outside. If you chose to throw them away for that, so much the worse for you. You did not deserve, they thought, to understand them.

21. Let us look into the story a little closer.

First, you may be surprised at the Goddess of Wisdom losing her temper. But, of all the goddesses, she always is the angriest, when she is angry; and if ever you yourselves go on doing a great many foolish things, one after another, and obstinately don't attend to anything she says quietly, you will find she bursts out upon you all at once; and when she does, I can tell you, you won't forget it in a hurry.[1]

22. But next, why are you told that Arachne's work was bordered with ivy-leaves?

Because ivy-leaves, in their wanton running about everywhere, were the emblem of the wild god, Bacchus; and were put there in express impertinence to Athena, and wilful insult to her

[[1] See "The Queen of the Air," § 117.]

trim-leaved olive of peace. But more than that. Arachne had made all the pictures in her tapestry of base and abominable things; while Athena had woven in hers, the council of the gods about Athens, how the city should be named.

Nor were the things which Arachne had pictured abominable merely, but they were all insulting to the gods, and dwelt on every legend which could make sacred and solemn things despised by men. That was why Athena tore the tapestry to pieces, not because she was jealous of it.

23. Then, thirdly, we are told she could find no fault with it.

Now, one of the things I have always tried most to impress on the British workman, is that his work must not be too precise, — that he must not think of avoiding faults, but of gaining virtues.[1] To young students, indeed, I have always said, and shall always say, the exact reverse of that: "See that every step you take

[1 See, for example, "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., chapter on the Nature of Gothic.]

is right; it does not matter in the beginning how small your merits, so only that you commit, wilfully, no errors." But to the finished workman or artist, though it will be wise for him also often to hold to his student's rule, still, when he is to do his best, he need never think to do it without manifold failure. If he has not failed somewhere, he has only tried to do, as Arachne did, — ignoble things. Phidias had faults; Raphael had faults; Reynolds had faults, and many, and bad ones. Arachne, in the outer aspect of her work, had none; but in the inner power of it, it was fault altogether.

Fault, also, — remember — of a poisonous and degrading kind, sensual, insolent, and foul; so that she is changed by Athena into the meanest of animals, and the most loathsomely venomous; whose work, instead of being an honour to the palaces of kings, is to be a disgrace to the room of the simplest cottager.

24. That is the story of Arachne in the sum of it: and now I must go back upon two minor points in it; the first, the value of this tapestry-work itself; the second, the meaning of Athena's

picture of the gods taking counsel about the name of the city.

First, why is this fable told you of tapestry? Why is Athena's own special work of honour — making her own dresses?

25. I have been now at least these ten years trying to convince scientific and artistic persons who would listen to me, that true science and art must begin in what, from time immemorial, has been among the most important rights of men, and the pleasantest rights of women. It is quite one of the most important and necessary rights of man to have a good dinner, well cooked, when he comes in from his work. And it is quite one of the pleasantest rights of woman to have a pretty dress to put on, when she has done hers. The first of sciences, therefore, is that of cookery, and the first of arts, that of dress.

26. Now you are likely to laugh, I know well enough beforehand, when I say this; and I'm very glad that you should laugh, provided only you distinctly understand that *I'm* not laughing, but in most absolute and accurate seriousness, stating to you what I believe to be necessary

for the prosperity of this and of every other nation; namely, first, diligent purification and kindly distribution of food, so that we should be able, not only on Sundays, but after the daily labour, which, if it be rightly understood, is a constantly recurrent and daily divine service, — that we should be able, I say, then to eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared. And, secondly, I say gravely and earnestly also, and with assured confidence in the truth of it, that no nation is healthy or prosperous unless the women wear tidy dresses for their morning's work, and pretty ones in the afternoon; which means many things, observe. It means that their morning work is to be household-work, or field or garden-work, and not — I'll venture to say it, even in this room — not packing cartridges. It means also that the men of England are not to stand by idle, or drink till they can't stand, idle or any wise; nor tramp as vagabonds about the country; nor be set to picking oakum; nor be sent to prison and fed there at the country's expense, with committees

to see that they are fatter when they come out than when they went in; while the women — poor, simple wretches — agitate for the right to do their work for them. That's what tidy and clean dressing in the morning means.

27. And pretty dressing in the afternoon means that they are to have an afternoon, or an evening, at least, for the fireside; and that they are to have the pride and pleasure of looking as nice then for their lovers, and husbands, as rich girls like to look for theirs; each having indeed such dress as is suited for their rank in life; but pretty and bright in colour, and substantial, for the poor as well as the rich: so that for kings now, no less than in old time, it may be one of the praises in their epitaph, that they clothed the daughters of their people in scarlet, with other delights, and put on ornaments of gold on their apparel.

28. The words may sound strange to you, when perhaps for the first time you think of them with true and active application. They are, nevertheless, perfectly literal in their meaning. Scarlet is a delightful colour, and a much

more delightful one — again I beg pardon when I remember where I am speaking — a much more delightful one in cloaks, and petticoats, than in regimentals. And ornaments of real gold and silver are meant to be possessed by all happy peasantries, and handed down with pride from mother to daughter, to be worn at weddings, christenings, and Christmas merry-makings; and neither to be sent to the pawn-broker's, nor expose their wearers to be strangled by thieves in the next alley. Among a happy people there are no thieves; and there used to be villages in England, and there are still villages in Scotland, Norway, and, I believe, Ireland, where you may sleep with your door open.

Ornaments of gold for everybody, and scarlet petticoats, and nice costume; — and then the art of the goldsmith becomes a living one, and goes on into true sculpture. That, then, is why Athena's work is making her own dress.

29. But, lastly, why does she embroider, by way of picture, the council of the gods about the name of her city?

Will you let me tell you one Greek fable more, about ants, instead of spiders?

How often have we not all heard of the word "Myrmidons"? You know that eloquent persons, whenever they want to finish a sentence sublimely, bring in something about "Tyrants and their Myrmidons."

30. Now, let me give you one piece of advice, which, if you take it, will, I assure you, one day make you feel that you didn't let me talk to you to-night for nothing.

Never read any piece of writing unless you are prepared to take whatever trouble may be necessary thoroughly to understand it. There's a great deal of the best and most useful writing, which may be understood in a moment. But as soon as it sets up for being fine, see that you find out whether it is fine or not; and to that end, never let one word pass, without considering, and finding out, if possible, what it means.

31. "Myrmidons" are usually supposed to mean the men who execute the will of a savage master. But first of all, that arises from one of

the usual popular mistakes about character, — the character in this instance of the Achilles of Homer; who is not a savage person at all, but a quite boundlessly affectionate and faithful one; only, in the strongest sense of the term, "hot-headed." The Myrmidons were his soldiers, and so have come to mean — servants of tyrants, and what else they are supposed to be by eloquent persons. But in its first and pure sense, Myrmidon does not mean a soldier of Achilles at all. The Myrmidons were the inhabitants of an island which was of great importance in Greece, because, among other things, money was first coined there; and a king reigned over it, who was the most just of kings, and counted and divided the money carefully; and so became at last one of the three great judges of the dead.[1] But his own island, Aegina, he fortified with walls of rock, and did justice there always: and at last the Fates got jealous of him, and sent a dragon, or a plague, which devoured the people of his country, and left it desolate. And he prayed to Jupiter wildly

[[1] See, for the character of Aeacus, the lecture following, — The Tortoise of Aegina.]

to restore his people; and fell asleep, praying in his sorrow. And as he slept, he saw the ants, from an ants' nest at the root of an oak-tree, climb into the branches of the tree; and there — they changed one by one into little children, and fell down like a shower of apples. And when he woke, he heard a murmur as of an army in the fields; and when he looked out in the morning light, the island was filled with new multitudes. And they were called Myrmidons, — Ant-born.[1]

32. Now the meaning of that fable I must be quick in telling you.

There were two places in Greece, renowned for their strength. One was this island of Aegina, fortified against robbery, as the centre of commerce. The other was the city of Thebes, fortified against war.

The walls of Aegina were of rock, built by Aeacus, who is the Lord of Justice.

The walls of Thebes were of stones, which Amphion, the son of Jupiter, made join each other by music; and the first queen of the city was Harmonia — Harmony.

[1 Ovid, Metamorphoses, vii. 523–657.]

And together the fables mean, that the strength of states, for defence against foreign war, consists in harmony; or musical and joyful concord among all the orders of the people: and that the strength of states for multitude, on their industry being humble, and directly set to the ground, and ruled by justice in dividing.

33. But observe chiefly; your walls must be built by music. All your defences of iron and reserves of cold shot are useless, unless Englishmen learn to love and trust each other, in all classes. The only way to be loved is to become loveable, and the only way to be trusted is to be honest. No forms of voting, no mechanism of constitution — for of all contemptible faiths in mechanism, that is the basest, that a country is like a watch and can go on tick by its constitution, without having any soul: — no goodliness of form or strength in government or people will avail against enemies, unless they learn to be faithful to each other, and to depend upon each other.

34. My friends, you are continually advised to seek for independence.

I have some workmen myself, and have had, for many years, under me. Heaven knows I am not independent of them; and I do not think they either are, or wish to be, independent of me. We depend heartily, and always, — they upon my word, and upon my desire for their welfare; — I, upon their work, and their pride in doing it well, and I think, also, their desire to do it well for me. Believe me, my friends, there is no such thing as independence till we die. In the grave we shall be independent to purpose, — not till then. While we live, the defence and prosperity of our country depends less even on hearts of oak than on hearts of flesh; on the patience which seeks improvement with hope but not with haste; on the science which discerns what is lovely in character and honourable in act; and on the Fine Art and tact of happy submission to the guidance of good men, and the laws of nature and of heaven.

# III.

# THE TORTOISE OF AEGINA.

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1. THE reign of Pheidon, King of Argos, referred by Mr. Grote — probably — "to the period a little before, and a little after, the 8th Olympiad, — between 770 and 730 B.C."[1] will give, I think, at once a land-mark, and a sea-mark, from which we may always begin our study of Historic Greece, as opposed to Mythic Greece. I suppose everything is known more clearly now than in my undergraduate days, and I need hardly press on you the importance of this eighth century, and the beginning, in the two peninsulas, almost in the same year, of the powers of Greece and Rome.

Pheidon is said to have marched to Olympia 747 B.C., and celebrated the games there himself,

[1 Grote: History of Greece, Part II. chap. 4.]

as the lineal descendant of Herakles. Recollect, then, we have the actual historic king celebrating the games as the descendant of the God. And real history begins.

2. Pheidon of Argos — I now use Mr. Grote's words — "first coined both copper and silver money in Aegina;" and he presently adds: — "The first coinage of copper and silver money is a capital event in Grecian history."[1] It is so, and in wider history than that of Greece. "First coined," that is to say, divided into given weights, and stamped these weights that they might be of all men known. These weights chosen by Pheidon were Babylonian, approximating closely to those of the Hebrews, Phœnicians, and Egyptians; but first, probably, determined by "the Chaldæan priesthood of Babylon."

You will find presently that Mr. Grote disputes the statement, that this money was first coined actually in the island of Aegina. It is not the least consequence whether it was or not. But this fact is of consequence; — Pheidon fixed meas-

[1 Grote: History of Greece, Part II. chap. 4.]

ure both of capacity and weight, and those measures were called Pheidonian.

But the measures of weight, and therefore of money, were afterwards specially called Aeginetan — partly to distinguish them from the standard of Eubœa, but much more because of the early commercial power of Aegina.

3. I have just said it was of no consequence whether money was first actually coined in Aegina or Argos. Remember, in all your historical investigations, there are two entirely distinct branches of them. One is this history of the Acts of men; the other the history of their Thoughts. In general, it matters to the future very little, comparatively, what men did; but it matters everything to know why they did it. For the event to them, and to us, depends always not on the deed merely, but the intent of it; so that even the truth of the deed itself is often of little importance, compared with the results of it.

4. Take an instance in comparatively recent history. Modern investigation has shown that in all probability no such person ever existed as

William Tell, and that all the acts related of him were fables. Do you think, therefore, that you could be wise, as historians of the Swiss, in omitting all mention of Tell, and of their belief in him? On the contrary; for the vanished fact of the hero's existence, you get the much more wonderful and important fact of the Imagination of his existence; you find that the character of this mountain people was, at one time of their history, such that they could take up a child's fairy tale, — repeat it, till it became a veracity to them, — and then regulate all their life and war by their trust in its truth.

5. We will begin the mythic history of Aegina, then, with the splendid passage in the 8th Olympian ode of Pindar: —

"Aegina, sweeping with her oars, where Eternal Law, Saviour of men, throned beside the God of the stranger, is obeyed with more than human truth. For it is hard to discern uprightly — of things that are warped greatly, and in many ways: but some established decree of the immortals has fixed under itself a divine pillar, and trust for all strange people, — this place, sea-ramparted, meas-

ured out in stewardship by Aeacus[1] to the Dorian people."

6. Now, before going on to the next verses, consider who Aeacus was.

Of course the numbers, two, three, four, seven, nine, twelve, and forty, are continually used vaguely in all mythic art; nevertheless, every writer makes his own "three," or his own "four," or his own "seven," express some special division of the subject in his mind; and when you get anything like a consistent adoption of any given number by many writers for a long time, you will find,

[1] Note that ἐξ Αἰακοῦ has a double force, meaning partly "from the time of Aeacus," partly "as out of his power."

[The passage translated, and continued later on in this lecture, is: —

Ἐξένεπε . . . δολιχήρετμον Αἴγιναν πάτραν·
Ἔνθα Σώτειρα, Διὸς ξενίου
Πάρεδρος, ἀσκεῖται Θέμις
Ἔξοχ' ἀνθρώπων· ὅ τι γὰρ
Πολὺ, καὶ πολλᾷ ῥέπει,
Ὀρθᾷ διακρίνειν φρενὶ, μὴ παρά καιρὸν,
Δυσπαλές· τεθμὸς δέ τις ἀθανάτων
Καὶ τάνδ' ἁλιερκέα χώραν
Παντοδαποῖσιν ὑπέστασε ξένοις
Κίονα δαιμονίαν . . .
Δωριεῖ λαῷ ταμιευομέναν ἐξ Αἰακοῦ.]

at last, that the really great ones among them give a special significance to each of the names. So, though at first when you think that you have three Gorgons — Graces — Fates — and Judges, you may feel as if the number meant nothing, yet among the closely thinking writers, every Gorgon, and Grace, and Fate — and Judge — has a special function; and the functions of the Three Great Judges are specific, in a clear and consistently separate way.

7. I must now use a passage of mine on the division of law, written ten years ago: —

"Critic law determines questions of injury, and assigns due rewards and punishments to conduct. . . .

"Therefore, in order to true analysis of it, we must understand the real meaning of this word 'injury.'

"We commonly understand by it, any kind of harm done by one man to another; but we do not define the idea of harm; sometimes we limit it to the harm which the sufferer is conscious of; whereas much the worst injuries are those he is *un*conscious of; and, at other times, we limit the

idea to violence, or restraint: whereas much the worst forms of injury are to be accomplished by carelessness, and the withdrawal of restraint.

"'Injury' is, then, simply the refusal, or violation, of any man's right or claim upon his fellows: which claim, much talked of in modern times, under the term 'right,' is mainly resolvable into two branches: a man's claim not to be hindered from doing what he should; and his claim to be hindered from doing what he should not; these two forms of hindrance being intensified by reward, or help, and fortune, or Fors, on one side, and by punishment, impediment, and even final arrest, or Mors, on the other.

"Now, in order to a man's obtaining these two rights, it is clearly needful that the *worth* of him should be approximately known; as well as the *want* of worth, which has, unhappily, been usually the principal subject of study for critic law, careful hitherto only to mark degrees of de-merit, instead of merit; — assigning, indeed, to the *De*ficiencies (not always, alas! even to these) just fine, diminution, or (with the broad vowels) damnation; but to the *Ef*ficiences, on the other side, which

are by much the more interesting, as well as the only profitable part of the subject, assigning in any clear way neither measurement nor aid.

"Now it is in this higher and perfect function of critic law, *en*abling as well as *dis*abling, that it becomes truly Kingly or Basilican, instead of Draconic: (what Providence gave the great old wrathful legislator his name?)—that is, it becomes the law of man and of life, instead of the law of the worm and of death."[1]

8. Observe, then; the reward of good is essentially Life, and the wages of Sin is Death. Now the Rewarding Judge is Rhadamanthus, "Bright Rhadamanthus"—*Xanthos*, the golden-haired, lord of the Elysian fields.[2] And the punishing or Tormenting Judge—the worm that dies not, and fire that is not quenched—is

[[1] Munera Pulveris, chap. V. § 116–120; somewhat varying from the published text.]

[[2] Odyssey Iv. 563–565.

*Ἀλλά σ' ἐς Ἠλύσιον πεδίον καὶ πείρατα γαίης*
*ἀθάνατοι πέμψουσιν, ὅθι ξανθὸς Ῥαδάμανθυς,*
*τῷ περ ῥηίστη βιοτὴ πέλει ἀνθρώποισιν.*]

XI. Lion of Leontini
Tortoise of Aegina

Minos; merciless, and in his nature brutal and rabid. Never forget the lines of Horace[1]—

> "Jam galeam Pallas et aegida,
> Currusque *et rabiem parat*."

Inevitable! The serpents of the Aegis gathered into one immortal serpent, whose coils are close according to the sin it punishes.

9. Now hear what Dante says of Minos, and you will understand at once more of the Greek and Italian mind than you can usually learn in a summer's day.

At the gate of Hell, "Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia."[2]

Frowned horribly — frowned as a beast frowns —(you shall see what that means at once — here [opposite] is a Leontine lion) — "quando l'anima mal nata li vien dinanzi, tutta si confessa." Observe this statement by Dante of the strange power that the penalty of crime has, in making it visible to the culprit. Until the pain comes, the ill-born spirits cannot perceive the

[1 Odes I. XV. 11, 12.]
[2 Dante: Inferno V. 4 and following lines.]

sin; but as soon as they suffer for it, they do not merely confess it to others — they feel it to be sin themselves, as they never did before. On the contrary, a well-born or noble person, is made to feel his sin by the pardon of it, as the base, by punishment; and each of them gets from heaven and man what will make him feel it in his own way. I go on: —

> "E quel conoscitor delle peccata
> Vede qual luogo d'Inferno è da essa:
> Cignesi con la coda tante volte
> Quantunque gradi vuol, che giù sia messa."

Now just observe how much Dante, like the other strong men, expects you to find out for yourself. He never tells you even what shape Minos is; but you find with a start at the end of the passage that he is a serpent; and then, if you understand the true nature of sin and its punishment, you can enter into the myth. Observe, once more, Minos' warning: — "Take care that the breadth of the way does not deceive thee."[1] You think that you may escape punish-

[[1] Inferno V. 20.]

ment because so many sin with you — that it cannot be a sin that many commit.

10. When we come to the coins of Thurium and the bull,[1] we shall have to examine farther the power of Minos in Crete. In the meantime you will trust me for this general aspect of the two judges for Condemnation and Reward.[2]

I think I shall best fasten in your minds this distinct function of Aeacus as the counting or measuring judge, by reading you a bit of Lucian, which may give you a little rest. With him, Rhadamanthus is the great judge of the evil and the good; Minos not appearing; but Aeacus is entrusted — not with the *judgment*, but the *number-*

[1 See Aratra Pentelici, plate 20.]

2 Except only — look at Pindar, Olymp. II. 137. [The passage referred to is: —

*Ὅσοι δ' ἐτόλμασαν ἐς τρὶς*
*Ἑκατέρωθι μείναντες*
*Ἀπὸ πάμπαν ἀδίκων ἔχειν*
*Ψυχὰν, ἔτειλαν Διὸς*
*Ὁδὸν παρὰ Κρόνου τύρσιν· ἔνθα μακάρων*
*Νᾶσον ὠκεανίδες*
*Αὖραι περιπνέουσιν . . .*
*Βουλαῖς ἐν ὀρθαῖς Ῥαδαμάνθυος·*
*Ὃν πατὴρ ἔχει Κρόνος ἕτοιμον αὐτῷ πάρεδρον.*]

*ing* of the dead. This is a piece of the dialogue called "the Ferry," which you probably all know well, but will not mind hearing, with reference to the matter in hand.

11. Clotho and Charon are waiting together at the Ferry-side of Lethe. Hermes is late for the boat, and Charon is cross. Clotho speaks — "Keep thy temper, Charon, here he is at last; and a fine set he has got with him — all as close as a flock of goats. Nay, what next? There's some one bound in the middle of them, and there's one keeping guard over him with a stick! And just look at Hermes, — what a state he is in; all over sweat, and panting as if he had an asthma, and his feet covered with dust! How now, Hermes, what's the matter?

*Hermes.* What should be the matter, Clotho? but that I've been running after this fellow who had got away. I had like to have lost my number in the ship's company myself.

*Clotho.* But who is he; or what did he want to get away for?

*Hermes.* That's clear enough, surely — that he would rather live than die! and he must be some

king or tyrant or other; and by the noise he makes, it seems he must have been well off where he was.

*Clotho.* And the fool ran away, as if he could have lived after his thread was run out?

*Hermes.* Run away he did — assuredly! And if this fine old gentleman with the stick hadn't helped me, he would have got off altogether, for from the first minute that Atropos passed him to me, he pulled and struggled, and stood with his feet against the ground, all along the road. And then when we got to the gate, and I was counting off the dead to Aeacus as usual, and he was checking them off by your sister's list, this thrice cursed fellow slipped behind somehow and made off; so there was one dead man missing from the reckoning. And Aeacus, knitting his brows,— Hermes, says he, you must keep your roguery for proper times and places; you have games enough up in heaven; but the affairs of the dead are accurate, and nothing can be secret in those. Here's the list, as you see, with a thousand and four set down: and you have brought me one too few — unless you have the impudence to say Atropos has

made a mistake. So I, blushing at what he said, recollected instantly what had been going on all the way; and looking about me, I missed my gentleman. I went after him as fast as I could, but I only caught him as he was on the point of getting out at Tænarus." [Κατάπλους, 3, 4.]

12. I had another reason for detaining you with the reading of this passage: — that you might notice, in passing, the allusion to Mercury's power as the cloud-god, distinct from that of the herald of the dead. "You have games enough up in heaven there."

You have, then, these three offices of the three judges: — Rhadamanthus to reward, Minos to condemn, Aeacus to count and divide. Next you must remember the story of his birth.

13. He is a son of Zeus, by the nymph Aegina; and Aegina is one of the daughters of the great river-god Asopus. Or, broadly, the Asopus represents the power of all the streams of Arcadia; and the marriage of Zeus to his daughters, in the physical meaning of it, is that the clouds from the valleys of Arcadia feed the springs of the islands, and on the highest rocks. Hence one of the

daughters of the Asopus gives name to the island of Salamis; another to that of Aegina, and a third[1] to Thebes, so far as Thebes was dependent on the springs of Dirce; while finally, Asopus himself gives the fountain of Peirene to Sisyphus on the crag of Corinth: — but observe for what service he did this. When Zeus carried off his daughter Aegina, Asopus was seeking for her in vain, until Sisyphus told him who had taken her. For *that* help he got his fountain on Corinth, and his stone in Hell.[2]

14. Now — (you will find it partly traced in my "Queen of the Air"[3]) Sisyphus represents always, physically, the power of the winds in transit across the isthmus; and, morally, he is the god of transit or trade,— *κέρδιστος ἀνδρῶν.* And you shall see presently why his betrayal of the flight of Aegina is so heavily punished. But first fix in your own minds this character of Sisyphus as restless and cunning beyond all men, so that by his cunning he even raised himself from the

[1 Thebe or Ismene, who was married to Amphion or Zethus, according to some legends.]

[2 Pausanias, I. § 5, 1.]

[3 Chap. I. § 29.]

dead;[1] and then you will find that throughout subsequent legends there is an antagonism between the power of the Aeacidæ, in justice, and of the descendants of Sisyphus, in turbulence and the defiance of justice, as the opposition of a pillar to a tempest; and which you will find hinted even in such short passages as the speech of Philoctetes to Neoptolemus:—

> "Τὴν φύσιν δ' ἔδειξας, ὦ τέκνον,
> ἐξ ἧς ἔβλαστες, οὐχὶ Σισύφου πατρὸς,
> ἀλλ' ἐξ Ἀχιλλέως, ὅς μετὰ ζώντων θ' ὅτ' ἦν
> ἤκου' ἄριστα, νῦν δὲ τῶν τεθνηκότων."
>
> [Sophocles: Philoctetes, 1310–1313.]

You find, then, that in spite of the river-power, Asopus, and of the storm-power, Sisyphus, Aegina is carried away by Zeus to the quiet island, and bears to Zeus — this son Aeacus.

15. Now, let us collect the legends about him, and see to what they all point.

[1 According to a myth preserved by Scholiasts, Sisyphus, dying, asked his wife to leave his body unburied. In Hades he begged to be allowed to return, to punish what he pretended to be his wife's neglect. His prayer was granted — and then he refused to go back to Hades.]

First: Aegina is difficult of access; and he increases this difficulty, encumbering the channels round the port with rocks, so as to defend it, Pausanias says,[1] against piracy; but observe always the sense of future definition, enclosure, and peace, which connects itself with his name.

16. Then you find him joined with Apollo and Poseidon to build the walls of Troy; and in the ode we have just paused at,[2] you find that having built them, there appeared three

[[1] Προσπλεῦσαι δὲ Αἴγινά ἐστι νήσων τῶν Ἑλληνίδων ἀπορωτάη· πέτραι τε γὰρ ὕφαλοι περὶ πᾶσαν καὶ χοιράδες ἀνεστήκασι· μηχανήσασθαι δὲ ἐξεπίτηδες ταῦτα Αἰακόν φασι λῃστειῶν τῶν ἐκ θαλάσσης φόβῳ, καὶ πολεμίοις ἀνδράσι μὴ ἄνευ κινδύνου εἶναι. (Pausanias, II. 29, § 6.)]

[[2] Τὸν (sc. Αἰακὸν) παῖς ὁ Λατοῦς εὐρυμέδων τε Ποσειδᾶν,
Ἰλίῳ μέλλοντες ἐπὶ στέφανον
Τεῦξαι, καλέσαντο συνεργὸν
Τείχεος· ἦν ὅτι νιν πεπρωμένον
Ὀρνυμένων πολέμων
Πτολιπόρθοις ἐν μάχαις
Λάβρον ἀμπνεῦσαι καπνόν.
Γλαυκοὶ δὲ δράκοντες, ἐπεὶ κτίσθη, νέον
Πύργον ἐσαλλόμενοι τρεῖς,
Οἱ δύο μὲν κάπετον,
Αὖθι δ', ἀτυζομένω, πνοὰς βάλον·
Εἷς δ' ἐσόρουσε βοάσας.
Pindar, Ol. VIII. 41–52.]

dragons, and rushed against the walls; that the part built by Apollo and Poseidon stood, but that the wall, where built by Aeacus, fell before the snake. Upon which Apollo is said to have foretold the destruction of Troy by the Aeacidæ; but you will easily see that this interpretation must be a late gloss on the myth, for it is no interpretation of the whole of it. If the dragon which attacked the wall of Aeacus meant the descendants of Aeacus, that which attacked the wall of Apollo must have meant the descendants of Apollo; which is wholly inadmissible. The natural interpretation is that the work of each beneficent power of defence was tried by the passion, or demon, that was antagonistic to that power; and that Apollo and Poseidon gave strength of mind and body, which would be unbroken in Troy; but Aeacus gave justice and continence; and in these they failed.

17. Next you have the story of the depopulation of his own country by a dragon sent by Juno: and then the birth of the Myrmidons.[1]

Now, you will be told by modern historians

[1 See the lecture in this volume on the Story of Arachne.]

that this transformation of ants into men signifies only the peopling of the island by a new tribe. Well — of course it does mean that; and it would equally have meant that, whether you had been told that the new inhabitants were made of ants, or sticks, or leaves, or dust.

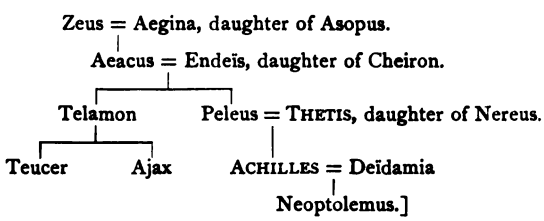
But what you have to discern, in any of the myths that have long dwelt in human thought, is not, what fact they represented, but what colour they were intended to give to it. You have all the Deucalionidæ of the earth made of stones; they being, in the sum of them, little more than that — the mob of common men being as the shingle to the wave. You have the warrior-race of Thebes made of dragon's teeth. You have the commercial race[1] of Aegina made of ants. And out of this industrial race, governed by strict justice, you have at last a warrior strength better than that at Thebes; the chief strength of Greece; a Peleus, noble

[[1] Mores, quos ante gerebant,
Nunc quoque habent; parcumque genus, patiensque laborum
Quæsitique tenax, et qui quæsita reservant.
Ovid, Met. VII. 655.]

enough to have granted to him for wife the sea-goddess whom the immortals dared not wed, lest they should be dethroned by their children; and from them descended the chief soldier among men:[1] — "among men," I say, as distinguished from the half divine hero-nature of the Dioscuri, or Herakles; until at last the myth changes gradually into a literal historic truth, and you read *that* — in the fight of Salamis.

18. And now I must pass — too sharply, but necessarily — to quite another piece of mythology. We all recognise the importance, not only in the Greek mind, but in every subsequent conception, of the three great Titan Goddesses, Rhea, Themis, and Mnemosune. In a less degree we also acknowledge the powers

[[1] The allusions may be made clearer by drawing out the genealogy of the Aeacidæ: —



of Phœbe and of Tethys. But the sixth of the Titan sisters, and the one who is first named by Hesiod,[1] we usually forget, — Theia, the most ancient goddess of Light.

19. Now the marriage of Theia and Hyperion, and the birth of their children, the Sun, the Moon, and the Dawn, — Helios, Selene and Eos, — is a myth of even higher rank and import than that of the marriage of Cronos and Rhea, of Oceanus and Tethys, and of Cœus and Phœbe; for Theia is in a certain sense the greatest of all the Titans — she is the origin of light and harmony: the embodied "Let there be light" of the heathen world; and while the powers of the other Titans, and of their descendants, relate chiefly to the law and course of fate in this world, and Themis and Mnemosune have power only over things that are passing or passed, Theia rules the great and eternal heav-

[[1] Θείην τε, Ῥεῖάν τε, Θέμιν τε, Μνημοσύνην τε,
Φοίβην τε χρυσοστέφανον, Τηθύν τ' ἐρατεινήν.
(Hesiod, Theogony, 134.)

For the marriage and family of Theia, see Theogony, 371–374. She is, of course, the Thea of Keats's *Hyperion*.]

ens, and the course of the sun and moon, and the seven stars.

20. Now you remember how, in my first course of lectures,[1] I dwelt again and again on the laws of the Greeks for light, and its relation to their ideas both of science and justice, including in the word "justice" all order and harmony. I also endeavoured to bring before you some of the evidence that the tortoise-shell of Hermes meant the concave of the cloudy heaven, and ultimately, that of the starry vault in which Hermes is lord of motion.[2] But when the lyre of Hermes becomes also that of Orpheus, it has to express not movement only, but harmony of movement, and pacification, or charming of all irregular impulse.

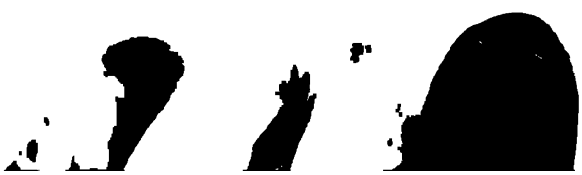
21. And now if you will look at Lucian's essay on Astrology, which is mythic, not merely of the heaven itself or of its stars, but of the truth and divine knowledge which from them enters into the life of men, you will find it a clue to what I think is the ultimate sense of the

[1 See "Lectures on Art," VI. § 151–158; VII. § 180.]
[2 Ibid., § 155, 156.]

Orphic legends. The seven chords of the lyre are there spoken of as indicating power over the seven planets, — the wild creatures who are represented surrounding the statue of Orpheus are the circling zodiacal signs, — and the legends of Teiresias and of the Atreidæ are explained in their right connexion with this principal one.[1]

The legend of Orpheus, however, we have to examine in another place; for the present, remember only that the tortoise-shell, as a part of the lyre, whether of Hermes or Orpheus, signifies the measured Harmony and spheric Order of Life.

[[1] Lucian περὶ τῆς Αστρολογίης, 10–12. He connects Teiresias with those planets which were called epicene or hermaphrodite by early astronomers or "astrologers," deriving their ideas from Babylonian sources. Venus as evening star was a female in Chaldæan astrology; as morning star she was a male, or hermaphrodite. Thyestes, again, is supposed by Lucian to represent Aries of the zodiac, and Atreus the sun; whence their strife, as the sun seems to move in the opposite direction to the stars, and so to attack them.]



# IV.

# CANDIDA CASA.

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1. In the most finished of the poems which Wordsworth dedicated to the affections, — Lucy Gray, — the most descriptive also of the local English character of which his works are the monument at once, and epitaph, — I would pray any of my elder readers cognisant of the grace of literature, to consider a little the power of the line in the introductory stanzas, — "The *Minster*-clock has just struck two," — partly to enhance, partly to localise, the aspect of mountain solitude which the rest of the poem is intended to describe; and to associate with it in the reader's thought, another manner of solitude, no less pathetic, belonging to more ancient time.

2. For, suppose that the verse had allowed, and the poet used, the word 'Cathedral' instead of Minster? 'Cathedral' is the more musical

word of the two, and defines no less clearly the relation of the wild moor to the inhabited plain with its market-city. But the reader of cultivated taste would feel in a moment, not only that the line itself had lost its total value by the substitution, but that the purity and force of the entire poem were seriously impaired.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the force of evidence given, in this slight trial, of the affection and respect with which all remaining traces and memories of the *monastic* life of our country are regarded by the scholarly and healthy English mind: by all educated men, that is to say, whose habits of life and tones of temper have not been perverted by avarice, ambition, or sensuality.

3. On the other hand, that most deadly form of all ambition, the religious one, which is the root of schism, manifests itself most furiously, as most ignorantly, in those states of temper which are chiefly antagonistic to the monastic life: while the avarice, which is at once the demon and torture of the modern laic mind, beginning, as of old, with the pillage of whatever the piety, wisdom, and sorrow of its ancestors had bequeathed

to houses of charity, concludes in a fierceness of steady enmity to the monkish character and principle — past or present — the like of which has not, so far as I am acquainted with history, been ever till now recorded in all the darkest annals of human malice.

4. I have devoted these chapters to showing some part of the ground on which English respect for the former monks of England, ineradicable by our anger, and ineffaceable by our folly, was originally and for ever founded: but I must first divide the space of English history which this section of my book[1] includes, into the periods which my younger readers will find the most clearly limited for successive examination.

In doing this, I must introduce reference not to times only, but to countries, and to distinctions of race, which require to be held in mind together with the general chronology; and which force us to break up that chronology into pieces that sometimes overlap one another, and sometimes leave interstices between one another.

[[1] "Valle Crucis," the second part of "Our Fathers have Told us," of which only this chapter and the next were completed.]

Thus, it is quite easy to constitute a broad first period of 'British' or 'British Isle' Christianity, from the death of Boadicea, A.D. 61, to the arrival of the Saxons, in 449. But this British Christianity is itself separated into the three minor dynasties; — "*English*" — that is to say, of the English lowlands; *British*, of the mountain districts of Cornwall, Wales, and Cumberland; and *Iernic*, extending from the north of Ireland across into Scotland and down into Northumberland. These are three entirely separate well-heads of the Christian Faith, represented both essentially and historically in the persons of St. Alban, King Arthur, and St. Columba; and the Saxon invasion terminates the flow of none, though it presents a new condition of embankment, and new fields for irrigation, to all. To outward appearance, however, the Lowland religion vanishes under the Saxon sword: and that of the British mountain border passes into the spiritual energy of tradition only: while that of Ireland and Scotland rises into the most splendidly practical missionary power; and, so far from being checked by Saxon barbarism, is

at its own culminating height in the seventh century!

5. Understanding, by this first example, the impossibility of bringing our subject within *merely* chronological limits, the reader will find it nevertheless convenient to arrange the studies belonging to the religion of his own country under these following successive heads, and spaces of time: —

1. The British period: that of the progress of religious feeling in England, from the death of Boadicea to the landing of Hengist. A.D. 61—449.
2. The Iernic[1] period: that of the missionary force of Ireland and Scotland, from the birth of St. Patrick to the death of St. Cuthbert. 372—687.

[1] I am forced to use the word Iernic rather than 'Irish,' because this latter word would now imply separation from Scotland, whereas the methods of decoration which I call Iernic, (because their spring is in Ireland,) are developed by St. Columba in Scotland, and carried by St. Columbanus into *Burgundy*, whence crossing the Alps, they receive their final and loveliest forms at Monte Cassino, in the thirteenth century.

3. The Heptarchy, and gathering of England.
449—829.
4. The youth of England, and her education by Alfred, Canute, and the Confessor.
849—1066.
5. The training of England, under her French kings, from the battle of Hastings to the deposition of the son of the Black Prince.
1066—1399.
6. The Fates of the House of Lancaster.
1399—1461.

Of these dates the young student should commit to memory only the cardinals, 61, 449, 1066, 1461, which bound the three great periods of British, Saxon, and Norman Christianity; and he may mass these three periods still more broadly in his mind as extending from the first to the fifth century inclusive, from the fifth to the tenth inclusive, and from the tenth to the fifteenth inclusive; the fifteenth century closing in England, as elsewhere, the history of Christen*dom*, — that is to say, of the dominion of Christ in all matters temporal and spiritual over the nation's acts and heart.

6. And we shall find this division still more vital and serviceable, as we examine the history of those arts which are the exponents of religion. For during the first of them, the *progressive* art of England is merely the adoption of that of Rome, with what refracted influence could through her be received from Greece: but between the fifth and tenth centuries, the school of Saxon art develops itself with a freedom of manner and a fulness of meaning which might have led — no one can say how far, unless it had been repressed by the Normans. Their invasion congeals the Saxon fluency, condenses their spiritualism, and the transitions of style in our religious architecture are thenceforward either in sympathy with the French schools, or, so far as independent, become so only by narrowness of aim, as in the development of effect by mere depth of mouldings and grace of archivolt-curve, in Early English Gothic.

Massing therefore in our minds, so far as we are concerned with the progress of technical design, the entire space of time through which, here in our own island, manual skill developed itself under Christian impulses, — into five centuries of British,

five centuries of Saxon, and five centuries of Norman, art—periods not at all gradated into each other, nor even much mingling with or mortised into each other, but each of them outlined with heraldic precision,—we note within them, in the order above given, the vital conditions of advance.

7. (1) THE BRITISH PERIOD: the beginning, that is to say, of the influence of Christianity in the island of Britain. In which there are of course two stages—first, the fall of Druid faith before the classic gods of the Romans—the "Gods" of Lear and Cymbeline; and secondly, the diffusion amidst Roman law, and civil luxury, of the fresh and recent faith in Christ.

These two states of the national mind have been, strange to say, of all that England has passed through, most fruitful and enduring among us at this day. The relation of literature and art to the religion of the Saxon has passed altogether from our own,—the red cross of Norman devotion is on the English knight's breast only an order of merit, and has been effaced utterly from the national coin, while the proud legend of the Protestant monarchy, "FID. DEF."—shortened

already to its initials, is likely soon also to disappear. But the natural virtue of Cordelia and Imogen remains still the standard of honour to British maid and wife, and the Christianity of Arthur is still the inspiration of our noblest British song.

8. One of the most singular proofs of the energy of this early British religion, is the force and the precision of its *heresy*. It is absolutely necessary, amidst the endless petty confusions of doctrinal dispute, that the careful reader of Church history should know the vital from the verbal questions, and the practical heresies from the speculative.[1] Disputes concerning the nature of God are in their nature endless; but those concerning the duty of man may be settled by reason and experience.

The essentially British heresy, the Pelagian — that men can save themselves by the exertion of

[1] All heresies which have widely and enduringly divided the Church may be wisely and usefully massed under three heads: —

On the nature of Man, Pelagian, with antagonist St. Augustine.

On the nature of God, Arian, with antagonist St. Athanase.

On the nature of Duty, Lutheran, with antagonists St. Peter and St. James.

their own will, and do not need the calling or grace of God — is also the essentially practical one — an extremely healthy heresy, to my thinking, and one half of it quite true; for indeed the will of a man to do his best is like the staunchness of masts and trim of sail in a good ship, without which the rudder is of no avail; — but the other half of the wisest men's creed in this matter, that "it is God that worketh in us, both to will and to do, of His good pleasure," is the essentially Christian half; — and as such, fought for by the French orthodox bishops, against the strong, saucy, and plausible British heresy, in a most impatient and diligent manner.

9. And as the vigour of our heresy, so also was the vigour of our work. This first phase of British history is, of course, exactly co-existent with the duration of the Roman Empire; and in the importance of its civil progress there has been nothing since to compare with it. Under the protection of the Romans, ninety-two considerable towns had arisen in the several parts of England, and among these "thirty-three cities were distinguished by their superior privileges and im-

portance. *Each of these cities*, as in all the other provinces of the empire, *formed a legal corporation for the purpose of regulating their domestic policy*, and the powers of municipal government were distributed among annual magistrates, a select senate, and the assembly of the people, according to the original model of the Roman constitution. The habits of public counsel and command were inherent in these petty republics, and the episcopal synods were the only councils that could pretend (as distinguished from them), to the weight and authority of a national assembly. In such councils, when the princes and magistrates sat promiscuously with the bishops, the important affairs of the State as well as of the Church might be freely debated, and there is reason to believe that in moments of extreme danger a Pendragon or Dictator was elected by the general consent of the Britons." [1]

10. To my own mind, this form of 'British constitution' seems extremely preferable to some of our more recent ideals — much more, to their realisations; but it is a most material question to de-

[1] Gibbon, vol. v., pp. 349–52, with omission of irrelevant matter.

termine how far it was an artificial and impressed form only; and how far a natural and crystalline one.

I have above given the date of the death of Boadicea for the beginning of the British Christian period, because the temper which under that Queen had displayed itself in the torture of the most beautiful and high-born ladies of Rome, is by her death brought finally under the temporal and *spiritual* power of Rome: temporal instantly, by Agricola — spiritual gradually, by missionary and captain alike, down to Constantius. Moulded by these Roman influences to what she was at the fall of the empire, she remained and remains in some measure the same, even through Saxon and Norman days, to our own — so far as this Roman law is in her heart, and Roman pride in her nature.

11. Taking then the death of 'Lioness Boadicea,' A.D. 61, for the beginning of Christendom in England, I shall take the words of the reputed earliest English historian, Gildas, for the first of our English history.

Prefatorily, be this much said of Gildas himself,

— that nothing is *known* of him, and all that is *said*, contradicted instantly; but that his book exists, undeniable, substantial, and pleasantly readable, — altogether good, right, and modest in temper, ingenious and graceful in thought, quoting nothing but the Bible, and to be received as one among the sacredest of writings founded on the Bible.

Of which book the author himself says, that "in zeal for the house of God and for His holy law, constrained alike by the reasonings of my own thoughts and the entreaties of my brethren, I now discharge the debt so long exacted of me, humble indeed in style, but faithful, as I think, and friendly to all Christ's youthful soldiers."

The title of the first translation [1] is as follows: — "The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British author, who flourished in the year of our Lord 546, and who by his great erudition, sanctity, and wisdom, acquired the name of Sapiens, the wise."

12. Of which let us take, for outset of instruc-

[1] London, 12mo, 1638. I use throughout Mr. Giles's translation, Bohn, 1841, which, with the series of which it forms a part, should be in every student's library.

tion, this following description of the "Island of Britain, poised in the divine balance which supports the whole world."

"It is famous for eight-and-twenty cities, and is embellished by certain castles, with walls, towers, well-barred gates, and houses with threatening battlements built on high, and provided with all requisite instruments of defence. Its plains are spacious, its hills are pleasantly situated, adapted for superior tillage, and its mountains are admirably calculated for the alternate pasturage of cattle, where flowers of various colours, trodden by the feet of man, give it the appearance of a lovely picture. It is decked, like a man's chosen bride, with divers jewels, with lucid fountains, and abundant brooks wandering over the snow-white sands; with transparent rivers, flowing in gentle murmurs, and offering a sweet pledge of slumber to those who recline upon their banks, whilst it is irrigated by abundant lakes, which pour forth cool torrents of refreshing water.

"This island, stiff-necked and stubborn-minded from the time of its being first inhabited, ungratefully rebels, sometimes against God, sometimes

against her own citizens, and frequently, also, against foreign kings and their subjects."

Under this impression of our national character, (not likely, it seems to me, to have been less distinct, had Gildas lived in these days,) the historian gradually saddens to severer thoughts of the land itself, and advising us, a few sentences further on, that, after Boadicea's defeat, it was no longer thought to be Britain, but a Roman island, and all its money, whether of copper, gold, or silver, was stamped with Cæsar's image, tells of its dawn of Christian faith in these terms: —

"Meanwhile these islands, stiff with cold and frost, and in a distant region of the world, remote from the visible sun, received the beams of light, that is, the holy precepts of Christ, — who is the true Sun, and who shows to the whole world His splendour, not only from the temporal firmament, but from the height of heaven, which surpasses every thing temporal, — at the latter part, as we know, of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, by whom His religion was propagated without impediment, and death threatened to those who interfered with its professors."

Meaning by Tiberius, doubtless, the first Claudius, by whom a Roman colony was founded at Camelodunum in A.D. 43, just before Boadicea's revolt; between which time and A.D. 61 I note only, among the many persons reported by tradition to have brought Christianity to England, two, of whose existence, and the place and manner of it, there is no doubt.

The first, the beautiful British lady, Claudia, the wife of Pudens, and St. Paul's friend (2 Tim. iv. 21), celebrated by Martial for her beauty and wit;[1] the second, Pomponia Græcina, the wife of the first governor of the Roman province formed by Claudius in South Britain. I give Henry's translation of Tacitus' account of her, with his following comment:—

"Pomponia Græcina, an illustrious lady, married to Plautius, who was honoured with an ovation or lesser triumph for his victories in Britain, was accused of having embraced a strange and foreign superstition; and her trial for that crime was committed to her husband.

[1] Henry, i. 126; whose suggestion respecting Pomponia is in the preceding page.

He, according to ancient law and custom, convened her whole family and relations, and having, in their presence, tried her for her life and fame, pronounced her innocent of anything immoral.

"Pomponia lived many years after this trial, but always led a gloomy, melancholy kind of life."

"It is highly probable that the strange superstition of which Pomponia was accused, was Christianity; for the Roman writers of these times knew very little of that religion, and always speak of it in such slight contemptuous terms. The great innocence of her manners, and the kind of life which she had led after her trial, render this still more probable. Now, if this illustrious lady was really a Christian, and accompanied her husband during his residence in Britain, from A.D. 43 to A.D. 47, she might be one of the first who brought the knowledge of Christ into this island, and might engage some of the first preachers of the Gospel to come into it in this very early period."

Without pressing this conjecture too far, still less the tradition that St. Paul himself before his death visited both Britain and Spain — of which

there is considerable evidence, and no disproof — this at least is sure, that the continually increasing intercourse between Rome and Britain must have brought with it manifold seeds of Christianity, and "as the conquest of South Britain was completed by the Romans before the end of the first century, we have reason to think that the name and religion of Christ were known, in some degree, in almost every corner of that country, about the beginning of the second."

From that time forward, we have two separate currents of formative energy in the British people — a certain number of little known Christian persons, increasing unawares, and dimly influencing those near them; while the mass of the nation was learning what it could of the Gods, the laws, and, as aforesaid, the proud mind, of Rome.

13. How far in the future the noble pride of Rome *did* remain for her bequest to Britain, can best be judged by Shakespeare's perfect rendering of the character of Coriolanus, and his easy and infallible sympathy with every motive of heroism, and majesty of race, by which Rome had lived, and in the forfeiture of

which she fell. The three tragedies of Coriolanus, Cæsar, and Antony, are all based on the excess, or defeat of pride: Coriolanus showing how it changes into selfishness, — Cæsar, how it passes into impiety, (all the insolence of succeeding emperors gathered into the words by which he pronounces his own death, —

> "I do know but one,
> That *unassailable* holds on his rank,
> Unshamed of motion; and that I am he,") —

and Antony, the disgrace of it by lower passion. But with the gentleness by which this pride was tempered in the gracious emperors who redeemed the state in the third century, and made Rome capable of becoming the centre of Christianity, Shakespeare himself had little sympathy; and the reader of mere history has no chance of comprehending it, under the mass of horror which alone attracts the vulgar historian.

14. Of these gracious emperors, the first, Claudius the Dacian,[1] best exhibits the new virtue of *Justice in pity* instead of anger, whose

[1] Reigned from March 268 to March 270: Gibbon, ii. 8 et seq.

ensign of the Cross was so soon to rise above the Eagles. On his accession, "an aged woman threw herself at his feet, and complained that a general of the late emperor had obtained an arbitrary grant of her patrimony. This general was Claudius himself, who had not entirely escaped the contagion of the times. The emperor blushed at the reproach, but deserved the confidence which she had reposed in his equity. The confession of his fault was accompanied with immediate and ample restitution." And at the very same instant, we find in the prayer of the people for the punishment of Gallienus *after* death, "terram matrem deosque inferos precaretur sedes impias uti Gallieno darent," the beginning of the deeper sense of inexpiable guilt which culminates in the days of Dante. But the reflection of this first act of Claudius, in the justice of Trajan to the widow, was accepted both by Dante and the Senate of Venice, as the type of enduring Roman virtue; though in the sermon-sculpture of the Ducal Palace, all is taught by the memory of the good; and there is no word of the death of the wicked.

15. Claudius died in his native district of Sirmium, (where also the father of Aurelian was a peasant leaseholder of a small farm): *Gothic* Claudius, he is called, according to historians, for his Gothic victories, — but, remember, he is also of Gothic *race*, and to us in England of most enduring interest, because his grand-nephew, Constantius, invading us from Boulogne, ends the last effort of Britain for her island independence, and founds, at York, the undivided empire of Constantine over the Western and Eastern world.

16. He founds it in his *gentleness*. While yet the vicegerent of Diocletian, "his mild and humane temper was averse from the oppression of any part of his subjects. The principal offices of his palace were filled by Christians; he loved their persons, esteemed their fidelity, and entertained not any dislike to their religious principles."[1] It was not, indeed, in his power openly to reject the edicts of Diocletian, or to disobey the commands of Maximian. His authority contributed, however, to alleviate the suffer-

[1] Gibbon, ii. 481 et seq.

ings which he pitied and abhorred. "He consented with reluctance to the ruin of the churches; but he ventured to protect the Christians themselves from the fury of the populace, and from the rigour of the laws. The provinces of Gaul were indebted for the singular tranquillity which they enjoyed to the gentle interposition of their sovereign. The elevation of Constantius to the supreme and independent dignity of Augustus, gave a free scope to the exercise of his virtues, and the shortness of his reign did not prevent him from establishing a system of toleration, of which he left the precept and the example to his son Constantine. His fortunate son, from the first moment of his accession, declaring himself the protector of the Church, at length deserved the appellation of the first emperor who publicly professed and established the Christian religion."

17. Now, (A.D. 306) — the moment we hear of the crowning of Constantine, we all of us rush over instantly to Italy, and the Hellespont, and think not a whit more of old Britain and the way she was constructing herself, under the

new dispensation. From 306 to the Saxon invasion, 449, there are, however, one hundred and forty-three years, concerning the religious progress of which, I must leave the reader to gather what he can find from other sources; I having only room here to take note of an extremely momentous practical event which takes place in them, — the founding, namely, of the British Navy.

18. Which it is well that the British boy-reader should be made clearly, however reluctantly, aware, that we owe entirely to the *French*, Dutch, and Germans; and, but for them, for aught we know, might have been to this day upsetting ourselves in wicker coracles; — a sorrowful remnant of which ancestral habit is visible in our two great British distinctive naval performances — the loss of the 'Royal George,' and the 'Captain.' No other nation is recorded in history as having sunk a ship of the line while it was being painted in the harbour, or sent one to sea which would turn bottom upwards in the first squall that struck it.[1]

[1] The subjoined letter from Mr. Robert Leslie may be depended upon by the reader in its corroboration of the statements in the

19. The beginners of all our rule of the waves in everything, then, wonderful to say, are the French. In the middle of the third century—256—Gaul had to be delivered from the Rhine-swimming and Maes-jumping Franks, by that Posthumus, whom Shakespeare, contrary to his wont, has made an incredible Briton of in 'Cymbeline'; the real Posthumus being the saviour of Gaul, not England, from the spluttering and spray of the

text which might otherwise be laid to the account of my love of paradox:—

"6 MOIRA PLACE, SOUTHAMPTON,
*Shrove Tuesday*, 1885.

"DEAR MR. RUSKIN,—I am afraid you much overvalue anything I can tell you about boats at any time, while I think no one knows much about them when the Celts went to sea in skin boats, as the Esquimaux do now. I believe the Irish fishermen had boats of this sort until quite recently, and went far away long-line fishing in them.

"There may have been coracles *and* coracles, for we know that the Madras surf boats are nothing but great coracles. And again, there is the strange fact, that so late as the time of Columbus, the North American Indian had not advanced beyond the birch-bark canoe or his dug-out in naval architecture. The English fishermen have always been noted beachmen, and have always used the clench, or overlapping plank, riveted together for their boats. (I have said something about this on page 32 in the scrap-book.) The Norway people also seem to have built in this way mostly. I have myself

Franks, which for twelve years, unchecked, had kept the whole of Gaul in hot water, — splashed over even into Spain — and, at last, "when that exhausted country no longer supplied a variety of plunder," or variety of entertainment, to the Frankish mind, they seized on some vessels in the ports of Spain and transported themselves over into Mauritania! (G. I. 437).[1] What became

seen a fisherman (professional) in a coracle upon the Dee in Wales.

"On the other hand, I think that in the *South* and *South-east* of England, shipbuilding was carried on by settlers from France or Denmark from very early times indeed.

"Round here, at such little places as Burseldon, Beirleux, Limangton, etc., there were great ships built for the navy: this I know from a list of them given in Charnock's 'Naval Architecture.'

"I believe you cannot lay too much stress upon the *fact* that all naval progress came to us first from France.

"I don't quite like the name of the poor old 'Royal George,' coupled with that ridiculous arrangement of iron and air cells, 'The Captain.' You will find in my book a scrap bearing upon this subject, written in 1883, which may interest you. Still you are right in the main (as you always are), about the 'Royal George,' for our old English liners were at that time very kettle-bottomed, and did not compare well with the French models of the same period."

[1] The reader will have no occasion to refer to Gibbon — unless he like, — or suspect me of unfair quotation, — in which case he will find that my numerals refer to volume and page of Milman's

of this first Frank expedition to Algeria one does not hear;[1] but it is evermore to be remembered as the beginning of the grand naval thieving expeditions in which our Gothic sailors were bred, consummating themselves in Sir Francis Drake, and his Sunday morning arrival. ('Fors,' Letter XIV.[2])

20. This first French naval excursion was, you see, exquisitely and typically piratical; for they stole even the ships they sailed in! But the next nautical adventure is German-Gothic, and prepared with every appliance of native builders' art.

Already, even in the tempestuous northern belt, and under the feet of its fiercest soldiery, had

edition (Murray, 1838). What I think it necessary should be read, I shall quote in full, so that I shall not give references to any other edition than that I use.

[1] From Gibbon, at least, who leaves them stranded in Morocco, and passes on to the Suevi, whom he makes an extremely early sprout of Saxons — then Semnones. The inextricable notes of his tenth chapter are, I suppose, now superseded, or I would have cut some way through them.

[[2] "Master Francis Drake, setting out in his little *Paschal Lamb* to seek his fortune on the Spanish seas, and coming home, on that happy Sunday morning, to the unspeakable delight of the Cornish congregation."]

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

X. Capital at Verona.

grown up, like the wood-sorrel beneath its pines, the gradually softened and informed classes of the husbandman and craftsman. The class concerned with tillage is of comparatively little importance among Huns, Teutons, or Goths: but the *craftsmen*, never spoken of by historians any more than the peasantry, must very early have been of great and gaining influence, — and thus, in A.D. 269, we are told by Gibbon, in his politely alternative and safely dubious form of statement, that "The various nations who fought under the Gothic standard *constructed* on the banks of the Dniester *a fleet of two thousand, or even of six thousand, vessels*, in order to transport a pretended army of three hundred and twenty thousand barbarians" (ii. 9, 10).

The student is expected, within the limits thus suggested, to determine for himself how many vessels there probably were, and to what force the pretended army is to be reduced, (surely the odd twenty thousand of imaginary troops might have been thrown out, or another eighty thousand thrown in, for the sake of round numbers?) Beyond a few vague hints in chap. XXV. Gibbon

does not tell us what a Gothic ship was like, or how many of the crew could fight, and under what sort of compulsion the rest rowed. Let us get, however, at what stable, however few, realities of the old earth and sea we may glean out of the alternatives and dubieties thus proposed to us.

21. In the first place, for leaders, and types in character of "various nations who fought under the Gothic standard," we need not hesitate to take the tribe afterwards called 'Saxons'; for there is no rational doubt that the prime plotters in the business were the Cimbri of Tacitus, — the unconquerable German power, — "potius triumphata quam victa," which held the root of the Danish Peninsula, and took its enduring name afterwards from a single tribe in the midst of it. So much of claim in these, and pride in their first recorded seafaring, we have, as in our veins of Saxon blood.

22. Next, look back to p. 94 of 'The Bible of Amiens' for account of the two *moat* rivers of Europe — Vistula and Dniester. These Saxons, you will then perceive, not yet knowing what

they are about, will circumnavigate Europe proper as one island. The exploring Saxons float themselves up Vistula, — inquire what water-carriage may be, among the farther hills; and hear good report of Dniester flowing exactly counter to Vistula, and as nearly as may be of the same length. In weight of waters, however, and knowable depth of constant channel, the Vistula is much the nobler stream; the Dniester is for most of its course shifty and shallow, ending in mere lagoon; so that the tall and bony hundreds of thousands have to float themselves down it in, assuredly, some flat-bottomed type of barge, in which, nevertheless, they fearlessly betake themselves to the Black Sea, coast it down to the Bosphorus, — run through that, and the Dardanelles, — and then divide themselves for discovery, southward and westward, of what may be curious or profitable. Part of them, the boldest, down the Ægean to Cyprus, where one does not hear what happens to them; the greater part more cautious, by coast of Thrace to Athos, where they take to land again, and straggle about, troublesome to the good people of Thrace

till they fall in with the Emperor Claudius, who beats them home over the Carpathians.

23. But think what all this, on the least conceivable scale, involves necessarily of craftsmanship, seamanship, captainship, clerkship of a kind, and commissariat. These flat-bottomed floats could not have been mere logs lashed together! I believe our own Thames barges are not afraid of a breeze at the Nore, but the Black Sea and Ægean are wilder waved than the brackish tides by Sheppey and Rochester; and there must have been good squaring and fitting of timber in that coasting fleet. The ship- or even stout boat-builder is one of the highest of craftsmen. Metal working and forging must have been on no inconsiderable scale also; sail-making, and cordage, and all associated spinnings and weavings. Of decoration, and inspiring sounds — what art? no one tells us, — *some*, certainly, pict or embroidered, blown on pipes or dubbed upon drums. Of Song, or kindly mutual cheer and Yo Heave-oh, what topics — what measures? Camp followers or camp companions, or gentle shipmates, any? if

not, in what temper of expectation, what comfort of household circumstance, the girls they left behind them? It is all less and less conceivable the more we try to conceive — the purple and black sails of Odysseus, — of Jason, — of Theseus, infinitely clearer on the horizon than these. But all this did in some solid manner actually happen, with many consequences for us; though what record there is of it in any credible tradition preserved in writing might, I suppose, be put in small compass by an exact scholar; — is there any exact one at leisure to do it for us, ready for supplementary and revisional notes if ever we get to the end of our text?

24. This much, or little, then, — date no matter, facts on indeterminable scale, but true as lightning, and ominous of all storm to come, is the first you hear of the NORTHMEN, on the Greek seas. Eight years afterwards, follow again the Franks.[1]

When the Emperor Probus delivered Gaul from the Franks, Burgundians, and black-painted Lygii,

[1] The three memorable dates are, 256, Franks in Morocco; 269, Northmen at Cyprus; 277, Franks from Phasis to Rhine.

in 277, he sets a price on the heads of the Lygii, and makes the Burgundians buy peace with the surrender of spoil. But though he drives the Franks "back into their morasses" (G. II. 74) in Holland, he feels them so strong, and finds them so trustworthy, that he establishes a colony of them on the Black Sea, to hold for Rome against the Goths (Alani, G. II. 82). The Franks do what they undertook to do; but finding it not lively work enough to keep the Alani in check, get hold of some (Gibbon does not say whose, but I suppose Roman) war ships stationed in a Euxine harbour, and set off on an independent cruise.

25. I now — with the always necessary queries — must trust myself to Gibbonian eloquence. "They resolved, through unknown seas, to explore their way from the mouth of the Phasis to that of the Rhine. They easily escaped" (from whose pursuit?) "through the Bosphorus and Hellespont, and, cruising along the Mediterranean, indulged their appetite for revenge" (but who had offended them then?) "and plunder" (but maintaining always of course the honourable name of Freemen), "by frequent descents on the

unsuspecting shores of Asia, Greece, and Africa. The opulent city of Syracuse, in whose port the navies of Athens and Carthage had formerly been sunk, was sacked by a handful of barbarians who massacred the greatest part of the trembling inhabitants." This is a sublime antithesis; but if, instead of the highly imaginative epithet 'trembling,' the historian had only told us how many of these unwarlike inhabitants there were, or what he means by a 'handful' of Franks, he would have deserved more thanks, if less admiration. "From the island of Sicily, the Franks proceeded to the columns of Hercules, trusted themselves to the ocean, coasted round Spain and Gaul, and steering their triumphant course through the British Channel" (Britannia at present nowhere, you observe), "at length finished their surprising voyage by landing in safety on the Batavian shores."

26. In plain English, I suppose the facts were that the Black Sea colony grew tired of fighting for Probus, and, fearing that they could not make their way by land, seized some Roman ships and robbed their living round by sea, — a splendid

piece of early seamanship,[1] and more necessary piracy and massacre than our own descents or ascents against Caffres and Afghans, for their poor properties to help out our wretchedness in London. But at all events, *this* is the beginning both of the French and British Navies. For, once knowing their way, the Rhenish Franks began to make a regular business of naval excursions through the straits of Dover and along the coast of France for whatever they could pick up. To check these piracies, the emperor (Probus?[2]) established a Roman fleet in the straits,

[1] Of this expedition, Mr. Sharon Turner observes, with the tranquil wisdom peculiar to the modern British historian, that "its novelty and improbability secured its success" (i., p. 142).

[2] Gibbon does not give the name, but the revolt of Carausius being in 287, it is not too much to allow at the least five years for the previous consolidation of his force, and the accumulation of wealth which caused Maximian to give orders for his death, and so compel him to rebellion, or at least, assertion of independent power, afterwards ratified by Diocletian. Now Probus was assassinated in 282, so that we can scarcely be wrong in attributing to him the appointment of Carausius, and the consequent establishing of Boulogne as the chief Gallic naval station in the north,—*Bononia Oceanensis*, "Bologna of the Sea," as distinguished from the Bologna of Italy, is its proper name.

I see, however, that the Emperor Claudius is spoken of as

having its harbour at BOULOGNE, and commanded by an admiral from the Low Countries — Carausius, — who, being a man of strong sense and courage, gradually becomes the felt and acknowledged Master as well as admiral of the Roman fleet — enriches his sailors with the confiscated spoils of the pirate Franks; then, feeling himself strong enough, lands at Dover, wins over the Roman Legions in England, and proclaims himself the Roman Emperor of England.

27. This beginning of our worldly prosperity, at sea, then, is owing to the Franks; not to Rome at all. But our Christianity and our civic prosperity from 306 to 409 are altogether owing to Rome, and under the authority of Rome; only reflecting back to her our own fresh spirit-power.

Think of it! Constantine was crowned at York in 306. His mother, an innkeeper's daughter by the shore of Hellespont: his father, a Dacian

having sailed for Britain from it. It was first fortified by Pedius, Julius Cæsar's grandnephew and legate in Gaul; who is said to have been born at Bologna, and to have planned some resemblance in the upper walled town to his own native one. *Caligula* built its first lighthouse, which was still standing in the seventeenth century (*Histoire des villes de France*).

mountaineer: he himself born in the very midst of Northern Macedon — the race of the Danube and the Scamander mixed, — the "come over into Macedonia and help us" brought now over into Britain indeed; and, from this piece of British plain, carried back to Byzantium.

28. Then, note that during these 143 years of following State Christianity in Britain, the whole work of St. Jerome is done at Rome and Bethlehem. He was a youth at Julian's death in 363, and died at Bethlehem, 30th September, 420. Antony in Egypt is 305–370; Ulphilas in Mœsia, 360. So that you have these years of Britain's own Christian pride, — briefly, the fourth century and one-third of the fifth, — founding monastic life all through the East, and fixing, for West and East alike, the Canon of the Bible.

And all this, before a Saxon syllable is heard in British air.[1]

[[1] See the introduction to this volume for a sketch of the intended continuation of this subject.]

# APPENDIX TO "CANDIDA CASA."

## ON SAXON MONEY.

ALL Saxon money was either of pure gold or silver, with the exception of one small coin, the "styca" (derivation, needed[1]), which corresponded nearly to the modern French decime, the tenth of a penny. But, as we now in England manage to do without decimes (not that we are therefore the wiser), so the Saxons seem to have made little use of their stycas, of which, as far as I can make out, those that have been found belong chiefly to the Northumbrian kingdom. Accepting them, however, as an essential part of the currency, we shall have to consider, altogether, twelve denominations of money in use among the Saxons; three names of gold, and nine of silver.

On Edward III.'s noble the motto bears witness to Christ's victory: "He, passing through the midst of them, went His way."

On the half noble: "O Lord, rebuke me not in Thine anger."

On the quarter noble: The Cross. "It shall be exalted in glory" ("Exaltabitur in gloria").

On Henry V.'s groat: "Deum adjutorem meum."

[[1] = German, *stück;* Danish, *stykke;* Icelandic, *stykki;* a bit, small piece.]

These denominations are then, as aforesaid, three of gold, nine of silver, namely: —

OF GOLD.

1. The Byzant.
2. The Ducat, or Mancus.
3. The Lesser Mancus.

OF SILVER.

1. The Pound.
2. The Mark.
3. The Ora.
4. The Shilling.
5. The Thrimta.
6. The Penny.
7. The Halfpenny.
8. The Farthing.
9. The Styca.

Now in order to understand the value of all these coins or standards clearly, our first business is to know what the "pound" and "ora" were. The pound, called by the Saxons Tower pound, being weighed and answered for at their Tower (central to the whole state) of London, weighed 5,400 troy grains; and the ora, or Tower ounce, 450 troy grains. There were, therefore, twelve Tower ounces, or oras, in the Tower pound of pure silver.

This most notable of all European measures, the pound, was, without doubt, brought from Germany by the Saxons; but it is originally Roman, and the Roman word for it, libra,

was accepted from them by the Greeks of Sicily in their λίτρα, litra, now the French "litre." But how the weight of the pound was first determined by the Romans, or out of what convenience of measure it developed itself, I can find, in my whole library, no book that tells me.[1]

The first positive determination of the legal pound for the Romans was by the Emperor Vespasian in the year of Christ 75, a measure called a congius being then placed in the Capitol, which held exactly ten Roman pounds' weight of water (Hussey, "Ancient Weights and Measures," p. 126). This measure (now, where?) was taken to Dresden in 1721, and the quantity of water it held weighed by Dr. Hase, and thus the weight of the Roman pound determined by him, in the year 1824, as 5,204 grains troy. Among the northern nations this weight was increased to 5,400 grains, or in Germany a little more; but our Saxon Tower pound was 5,400 troy grains exactly, dividing into twelve ounces, each weighing, therefore, 450 grains.

Which might, I think, be at once fixed in school memories by the rhyming couplets: —

Ounce of comb in Saxon hive,
Count it ten times forty-five:
Pound of grain in Saxon store,
Count it hundreds fifty-four.
Count ye true in Saxon tower
Pound by ounce, and day by hour.

[[1] Mommsen (Hist. Rome, book I., chap. 14) says that "the weight" (*libra*) is the burden which a man is able to poise (librare) on his hand while he holds his arm stretched out.]

# V.

# MENDING THE SIEVE.

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# MENDING THE SIEVE.

*Read, as a lecture, at the London Institution, December* 4, 1882.

1. AMONG the circumstances of my early life which I count most helpful, and for which I look back with more than filial gratitude to my father's care, was his fixed habit of stopping with me, on his business journeys, patiently at any country inn that was near a castle, or an abbey, until I had seen all the pictures in the castle, and explored, as he always found me willing enough to do, all the nooks of the cloister. In these more romantic expeditions, aided and inspired by Scott, and never weary of re-reading the stories of the Monastery, the Abbot, and the Antiquary, I took an interest more deep than that of an ordinary child; and received impressions which guided and solemnized the whole subsequent tenour of my life.

2. One error there was, and one only, in the feeling with which these scenes were interpreted to me. For though I was bred in the strictest principles of Calvinism, my father and mother were both too well-informed to look without reverence on the vestiges of early Catholic religion in Britain: nor did they ever speak of it in dishonourable terms, or cast doubt on the sincerity of the faith which had founded our fairest cathedrals, and consecrated our bravest kings. But, in common with most English people of their day, they were suspicious of the *Monastic* as distinguished from the Clerical power; and it was an inevitable consequence, that, as we descended from the hillsides of Yorkshire, or the Lothians, into the sweet meadows beside their pebbly streams, and saw the cattle resting in the shadows of Jedburgh or Bolton, it should have been pointed out to me, not without a smile, how careful the monks had been to secure the richest lands of the district for their possession, and the sweetest recesses of the vale for their shelter.

3. Nor was Scott himself without some share in the blame of this gravely harmful misrepre-

sentation. I cannot but regard with continually increasing surprise, the offence which was taken by the more zealous members of the Scottish Church, at what they imagined Scott's partiality to Catholicism. The fact really is that every heroic, graceful, and intelligent virtue is attributed by him at every period of the Reformation to the sincere disciples of Presbyterian doctrine, but that, on the contrary, he has been content to portray the Catholic faith only in its corruption or its depression. Finding material enough, and that of the most tractable kind, in the picturesque and pathetic oppositions of the Cameronian and Cavalier, the Puritan and Catholic, the mountaineer and dalesman, he gave in the stories of 'Waverley,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'Redgauntlet,' 'Nigel,' 'Peveril,' and 'The Abbot,' a series of realisations which are, respecting their several periods, the best historical painting yet done in Europe. But the libraries and old bookstalls of Edinburgh seldom threw a parchment in his way which would give him clue to the realities of human life before the fifteenth century; his conception of more remote periods, coloured

by the partialities of his heart, and discoloured by the dulnesses of scholastic history, dwelt rather on the military than the missionary functions of British Christianity. The crosier and the cowl become with him little more than paraphernalia of the theatre, to relieve in richer chiaroscuro its armour and plumage; and the final outcome and effective conclusion of all his moonlight reveries in St. Mary's aisle, was but, for himself and for his reader, that

> "The Monks of Melrose made gude kale
> On Fridays, when they fasted."

I am going to ask you to consider with me, this evening, whether, admitting such to be the fact, the monks of Tweeddale were altogether to be blamed, or ridiculed, for the excellence of their broth, — whether, on the contrary, the making of good broth be not one of the essential functions of a good monk, — and even whether, but for the gray brother's intervention, the kale pot would in those times have boiled as merrily at Melrose, even for other people.

4. You cannot but feel that this British Isle

of ours, after all its orthodox Reformations and cautious constitutions, presents you with materials for this inquiry in extreme sharpness and simplicity. At one crook of the glen are the remains of the Abbey, with its half-fallen tower and half-buried cloister; at the next are the new mills, with their cloud-piercing and cloud-compelling chimney, and their quarter of a mile of square windows in dead wall. As you walk back to the village inn, you meet the clergyman inspecting the restoration of his parish church; in the parlour of it you find the squire, bent on the introduction of agricultural machinery, which will send the congregation to America. And among the various shades of benevolent avarice, pious egotism, and interest-bearing charity, in which the enterprises of a rational age must be undertaken, we shall surely be able to discover, if human nature be as constant as it is alleged, the likeness, in some sort, or even the remnant, of ancient enthusiasm, and discern, in the better movements and kindlier impulses of our own hearts, ground for believing that even monastic sentiment was not entirely dishonest, nor monastic adventure entirely selfish.

5. And as the first step towards a true estimate of either, we must address ourselves to obtain some idea of the aspect of these glens of ours before the monks settled in them. Those now daisy-sprinkled or deep-furrowed fields were not laid in their sweet levels by the mountain streams; and the land which we conceive to have attracted the covetousness of the friars lay in alternations of shingle and of marsh, under shades of thorny thicket and heath-beset rock. The sagacity which discerned and the industry which redeemed the waste alluvial soil, not of our English dells only, but of the river-sides throughout Europe, where they were pestilent with miasma, desolate by flood, and dark with forest, were found exclusively among the societies of men whom we might, with no unapt distinction, call the Valley Monks, wisely and calmly devoted to all the arts and labours which are serviceable to mankind; skilful especially in the primary ones of architecture and agriculture, but the leaders also in the literature of their time, and its tutors in the soundest principles of temporal policy.

6. These Monks of the Valley, — distinct alike

from the earlier mountain Eremites, and from all contemporary or subsequent brotherhoods, who led lives of meditation inconsistent with practical and affectionate duty, — will be discerned by the final justice of history to have been absolutely the purest, and probably the most vital, element of Christian civilisation during a period, of which I can scarcely venture to state the duration, without first sketching in simpler terms than are usually allowed by its chroniclers, the æras of rise and decline in our old ecclesiastical polity.

In eighteen years from next Christmas will open the twentieth century of the Christian æra. If we divide by simplest arithmetic these two thousand years into four groups of five hundred each, they will successively present us with a quite distinct series of phenomena, more intelligible and memorable, by far, in their separate than in their consecutive aspect.

I. In the first five hundred years you have, with the fall of the Roman empire, the extinction of ceremonial Paganism in South Europe, the establishment of the traditions of the mystic saints, chiefly martyrs, and of the theories and practices

of ascetic monarchism. The Vulgate translation of the Bible is finished at Bethlehem by St. Jerome, and the doctrinal and imaginative machineries of the Catholic Church are completed, with such faults and virtues as we may each of us see good to ascribe or concede to them.

II. In the second five hundred years the proper work of the church begins upon the ruins of Paganism. Her working saints, not St. Catherines, nor St. Cecilias, nor St. Damians, nor St. Christophers, but people of substantial presence in flesh and blood; — people who by no means appear only to expire, and exist thenceforward as pictures stuck full of hearts and arrows, but persons as busy, as obstinate, and as inevitable as modern engineers and railway contractors, are establishing not Christian belief merely, but Christian law, in every Saxon, French, Latin, and Byzantine town. Their disciple-kings, Theodoric, Alfred, Canute, Charlemagne, are forming and consolidating the civil dynasties of the North; and the narrow, but not false, Mohammedan theology is similarly tempering to its fiery edge the scimitar of the Saracen.

III. In the third five hundred years you have in no small degree by the energy of the Cistercian order, on whom our attention is fixed this evening, the creation of Gothic architecture, with all that it means; and by that of the Franciscans and Dominicans, the resuscitation of the art of painting, lost since Apelles, with all that *it* means.

You have perfect laws of honest — I lean on the word, — honest — commerce engraved on the walls of the churches by which its activities are centralised at Florence and on the Rialto. You have a perfect scheme of Christian education defined for you also on the walls of Florence. And you have the perfect victory of civil justice in Christian Kinghood, when the king and the barons of England submitted their quarrel to the arbitrement of St. Louis.

All these unquestionable pieces of good work you find to have been done, beyond any bettering, in these great five hundred years of the Church's life. Towards their close, it corrupts itself; in their close, it virtually expires.

IV. And then, fourth and lastly, in these presently proceeding, fast concluding, five hundred

years, you have printing, gunpowder, and steam; Liberty, Reason, and Science; Parliamentary eloquence, and Parliamentary Clôture, doing for you —— it yet remains to be seen, exactly, what.

7. The trenchant separation of these groups of years would commend itself to you still more frankly, if we were more in the habit of connecting the history of art with that of religion; but, while historians cannot fail to see that it is necessary for them to follow with some attention the changes in links of armour and locks of helmets, they think it matter of no serious moment whether kings are enthroned under round arches or pointed, and whether priests chant beneath carved walls or coloured windows. My own mind has become much sobered in its estimate of such things, since my literary efforts began with the 'Poetry of Architecture'; but the pilgrimage from which I have just returned, through the earlier Burgundian churches, to the birthplaces of the two St. Bernards, of the Alp and of the Vale, has for the moment thrown me back into old channels of affection, wherein I trust your indulgence for an hour's lingering with you.

8. Lingering, however, with some timidity, — first, because I imagine many here must know most of what I have to tell at least as well as I do; and secondly, because it must be confessed that the traditions we can now collect respecting either Bernards or Benedicts are of a nature more calculated to amuse young people than to edify the members of the London Institution. Yet it cannot but be remembered, in our dealing with them, that these fairy tales, though in their first aspect a good deal more foolish than any that are acceptable in the nursery, have at the root of them some unquestionable fact, the basis of things real and visible around us, — fact of which we can only hope to be made intelligently aware, by letting it announce and describe itself first in its own way.

Returning, then, to my divisions of five hundred years, and it being of course understood that we must not in the joints of such massive chronology run the exact dates too fine, I will ask the younger part of my audience to fix in their memories the two precise years of 480 and 1480, giving a clear thousand years in the inter-

val, for the limits of our second and third religious æras — beginning the second with the reign of Theodoric and closing the third at the birth of Raphael.

9. In that first year, 480, there was born in Rome, then fallen for ever from her war-throne, but more luxurious and wanton in her disgrace than in her majesty — there was born a boy of a senatorial house, who was brought up during his childhood amidst all the pleasures, and shames, of the most godless city of the earth. There was no atheism, says Mr. Froude, like the atheism of Rome; and I may refer you to the pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema for a realisation, both learned and vivid, of the kind of life her atheism ended in. Such as it was, this strange boy, at fifteen years old, could no longer endure it; resolved to break with it and have done with it, left his father's house alone, and escaped to the hills beyond the Campagna. What search was made for him by his parents we know not. One person, however — his nurse — sought for him indefatigably; found him, was allowed to stay with him for a while,

and take care of him. And I could very earnestly wish, for my own part, that both Shakspeare and the British public had been less lavish of their emotions about the Veronese legend of Juliet and her nurse, and had but been one half as interested in conceiving the quiet little domestic drama of St. Benedict and *his* nurse, which had far more useful consequences.

10. Many a library shelf have I sifted, always in vain, to find out who gave him, or how he got, his name. He found his way to a hermit, who taught him the hope of a better life than that in Rome; and, I suppose, baptized him in such hope, and blessed him in the search for it. Thenceforth, for him also, the verse of the Virgin's song became true, "All generations shall call me blessed." Yet in a still higher sense, not merely happy, which is all that the Madonna claims to be called, but in the more solemn power of the word in the Benedictus itself, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He has visited and redeemed His people."

11. You will not, I think, find the working saints, of whom this one is the Captain of the Host, lean much upon their miracles; and I sup-

pose no modern philosophy could conceive the subsequent effect upon human imagination of the belief in that extremely tiny miracle with which St. Benedict's ministry traditionally begins: mending a corn-sieve which his nurse had broken, only because she was so vexed about it. He did not care for himself to have his corn sifted.

Of course, I could not offer you a little miracle more easily, if you wish it, explained away; and that without having the least recourse to the vulgar Gibbonian theory of pious imposture. The Gibbonian method is the most simple, and to minds of a certain temper the most satisfactory: you explain the miracle in Cana, for instance, by supposing that the Madonna had arranged with the servants the moment for exchanging the pots. But for our poor little nursery miracle here, we need accuse no one of any guile; and merely admitting the young Benedict to have been neat with his fingers, as some of our own boys are, though their virtue does not always show itself in the mending of things, we can fancy his nurse's ecstasy of admiration at her boy's dexterity — "è un miracolo" — and so forth.

12. Make what you will of it — break what you will of it, the absolute fact remains fast, that in all the choral services of the Church this legend holds the first place in the praise of St. Benedict. It is just as important in his life as the killing of the Nemean lion is in the life of Herakles. And when we come to reflect on the essential function of the Benedictine, I do not think there will remain any difficulty in seeing how this myth became the popular symbol of it.

During all the past five hundred years, Christians had been doing very little else than getting themselves persecuted for public nuisances. They had talked a great deal, quarrelled a great deal, suffered much, — but hitherto, in any palpable manner, mended nothing — hitherto produced nothing — hitherto shown the way to nothing — that anybody wanted to find a way to. They had gone mad, in great numbers, — had lived on blackberries, and scratched themselves virulently with the thorns of them, — had let their hair and nails grow too long, — had worn unbecoming old rags and mats, — had been often very dirty, and almost always, as far as other people could judge, very miserable.

13. St. Benedict examines into all that; tries what advantage there may really be in it. Does a certain quantity of rolling himself in nettles and the like; and hears with respect all that hermits have to say for their vocation. Finally, however, determines that Christian men ought not to be hermits, but actively helpful members of society: that they are to live by their own labour, and to feed other people by it to the best of their power. He is the apostle, first, of the peasant's agriculture, and secondly, of the squire's agricultural machines — for whatever good there is in them. The corn and the corn-sieve are alike sacred in his eyes. And, once understanding that, and considering what part of the 'library' of his day, the Bible of St. Jerome's giving, would either touch himself most closely, or would be looked to by others as most descriptive of him, you will feel that the especially agricultural prophecy of Amos would become the guide of Benedictine expectation, and you may even, in thinking of him, find a weight in the words of it yourselves, unperceived before.

"For lo, I will command, and I will sift the

house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes, him that soweth seed, and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt.

"And I will bring again the captivity of my people, and they shall build the waste cities and inhabit them, — they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them, and I will plant them upon their land, and they shall no more be plucked up out of their land which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God."

14. This is the efficient practical Benediction with which the active Saint begins the second æra of Christendom. But he had also a doctrinal message, which we have no time this evening to examine; yet it must be noted as of equal moment with that which immediately interests us. We said that the first five hundred years after Christ saw the extinction of Paganism. In the deeper sense, nothing that once

enters the human soul is afterwards extinct in it. Every great symbol and oracle of Paganism is still understood in the middle ages; and I have just been drawing from the twelfth-century porch of Avallon the sculptures of Herodias and her daughter on the one side, and of Nessus and Deianira on the other. But as a formal worship, Paganism may be considered as significantly closing with the destruction, by St. Benedict and his disciples, of the temple of Apollo on Monte Cassino. All the idolatry of the world, in the sense of misdirected faith, was recognised by the first instincts of Christianity, as worship of Baal, — worship of the sun by day, of the moon by night, as the vital powers of nature instead of God. And the darkening of the sun and moon on each side of the Cross, in symbolical representations of the Crucifixion, is not, I believe, meant to express only the temporal affliction of them, but the passing away of their spiritual power. And in the Benedictine sign given on Monte Cassino, you have the true beginning of those ages, dark, as they have so long been called, in which the

Apolline oracles and inspiration pass away; and which are *ended* by the resuscitation of Paganism, under the same symbol, as I pointed out now many and many a year ago,[1] — when the Dispute of the Sacrament and the Choir of Parnassus were painted side by side in the same chamber of the Vatican.

15. In the proclamation, then, of useful labour as man's duty upon earth, and of the Sun of Righteousness as his Lord in Heaven, you have the Benedictine gospel: of which the most sensible and impartial of French historians writes, with no more than justice, "La Règle de Saint Benoit est peutêtre le plus grand fait historique du moyen Age."[2]

I translate to the best of my power the noble passage which follows.

"We who live under regular governments, and in legally protected society, can only with difficulty conceive the disorder which followed the

[1 See "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," iv. p. 213, edition of 1854; § 125–127 new edition.]

[2 Viollet-le-Duc, "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture," tom. I. p. 242.]

fall of the Roman Empire in the West. Everywhere ruin and distraction, — the triumph of brutal force, the loss of all respect for human dignity, the cultivated lands trampled by famished multitudes, the cities devastated, entire populations driven out or massacred, and over all this chaos of society in agony, wave upon wave the inundations of barbarians as tides upon the sea-sand. The monks descending from Monte Cassino spread themselves through Germany and Gaul even to the northern limits of Europe, opening out the forests, directing the water courses, and founding monasteries surrounded by workshops, which became centres, to the peasantry, of moral force and protected industry; to whom the new apostles, after providing for their safety and support, taught letters, sciences, and arts; fortified their souls, gave them the example of self-denial, taught them to love and to protect the weak, to succour the poor; to expiate faults, and to exercise themselves in virtue. They sowed among servile and degraded races the first seeds of independence and liberty, and they opened to them, as the last asylum against distress of

body and soul, inviolable and sacred houses of prayer."

16. This passage, you will observe, includes, in the general grasp of it, the entire function of the Benedictine order, with that of all its later branches. For our own purposes, we must now follow out the more distinctive characters of these in relation to their times.

You will recollect — I again address my younger hearers — the year 480, of St. Benedict's birth. He gives his rule about 505, and, in the time between its promulgation and the close of the year 1000, the order of St. Benedict had founded 15,070 abbeys throughout the world then known.

Abbeys — institutions, that is to say, under the government of an *Abbot* — a totally different person, in the ideal of him, from a bishop. Partly a farmer, partly a schoolmaster, partly an innkeeper. Not, essentially, *he*, concerned with the cure of souls, but with the comfort of bodies, and the instruction of brains. Not merely *given* to hospitality, apt to teach, — but vowed to hospitality, bound to teach.

17. Fifteen thousand, then, you have of these Abbot Samsons, representing the schoolmaster abroad and at home, at the close of the tenth century. A power independent of the Episcopal, often in rivalry with it, assuredly in front of it, in all progressive movement, and in its own centrifugal energy throwing off bishops and cardinals — ay, and popes when they were wanted, like fire from a grindstone. Seven thousand bishops they had given to the Church, and twenty-four popes, up to the time at which we have to study their division into the two branches of Cluny and Cîteaux.

18. I call those orders, you observe, branches — not reforms of the Benedictine. In an old thing and a strong thing, much may be faultful, much decayed, and more unable for other work than it did in its youth, and for other place than it found for its springing. But you might as well call the branches of the old Hampton Court vine, reforms of that, as Cluny and Cîteaux reforms of Monte Cassino. More various office was asked of the monks now. What we call "civilisation" was beginning to fasten society

painfully into its present orders of the rich and the poor. Practically, Cluny was founded for the Schooling of the rich, and Cîteaux for the Help of the poor. The lands of Cluny were given it by a Duke of Aquitaine, its walls were raised by the Kings of France and England, and the greatest prince was not educated with more care in the palace of kings than was the least of the children of Cluny.[1] But the first territory of Cîteaux was a desolate marsh. Its order was founded by a poor brother of the Abbey of Molesmes, with a few companions, vowed to the barest poverty and the rudest labour. Passed but a few years, and at their bidding, and in their monks' dress, you might see the most powerful lords drive the plough beside the poorest peasant.

19. Now, let us get the idea of the main stem and these two resilient branches well into our minds. How the axe was laid to the root of them, or how the wild boar out of the wood devoured, you will find many a scornful historian glad to tell. But learn first, for truth's sake and

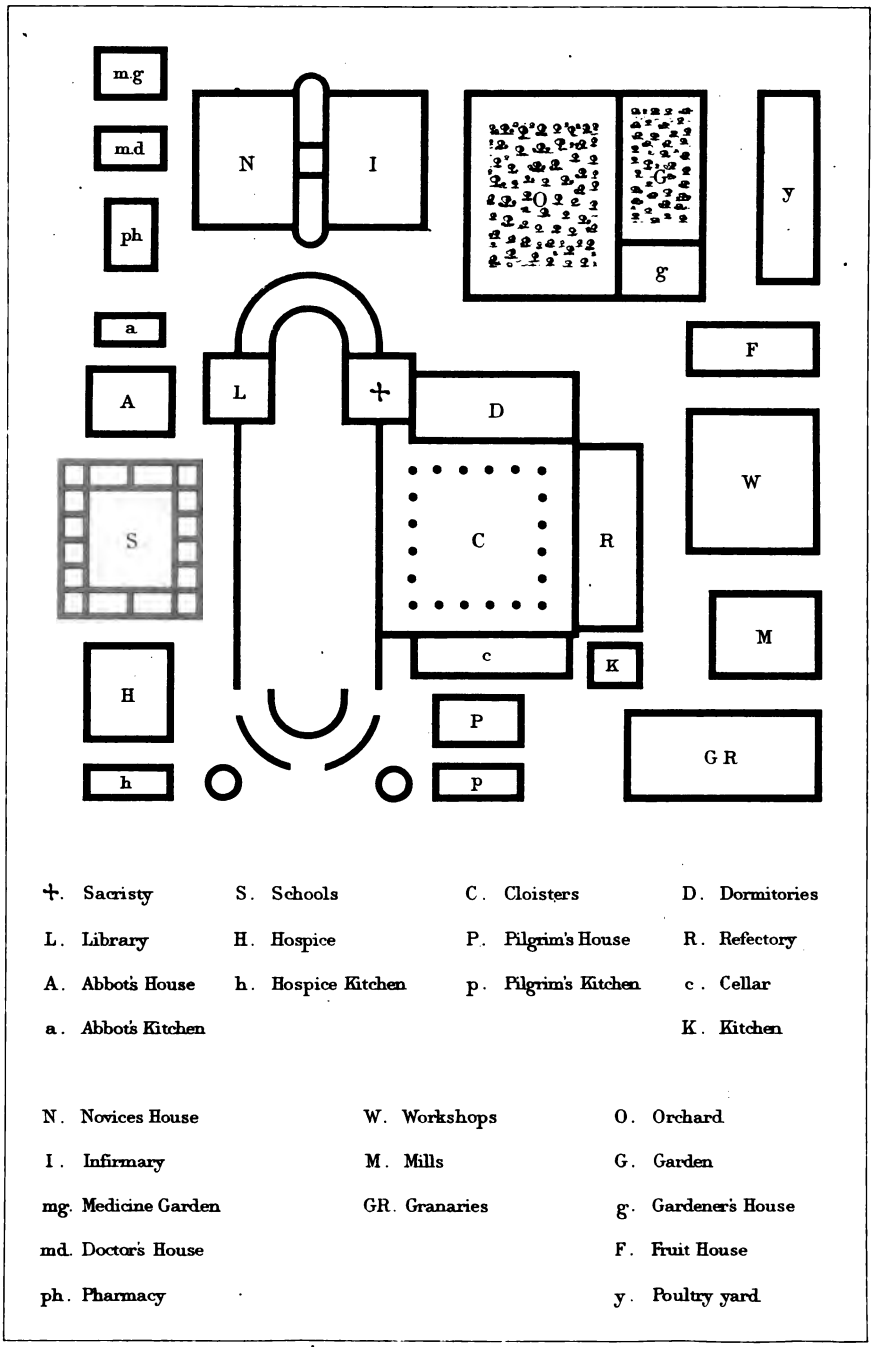
[[1] See Appendix on "The Foundation of Cluny."]

love's, what the living stem was, and the use of God's two grafts on it.

The diagram (opposite) may stand for the general plan of a Benedictine abbey of any place or time; but it is, actually, that of the Abbey of St. Gall, given by Viollet-le-Duc as in all probability arranged by Abbot Eginhardt, *Charlemagne's own master of works:* and it is drawn in the original with such completeness that every bed in the kitchen garden has the name written beside it of the particular "kale" that is to be grown there.

The design of the church, with two circular apses, one at each end, is of singular completeness and beauty, but reduces itself afterwards to the square terminations which are constant in your English churches. The main entrance is at the west, between two detached chapels, one to the Archangel Michael, the other to Gabriel. There are two smaller lateral entrances; one for the guests of the Abbey, the other for its farm and other servants.

20. On the sides of the east chancel you have on the right the monks' entrance and the sacristy,




XII. Plan of a Cistercian Abbey.

marked by a cross; — on the left the Abbot's entrance and the library, consisting of the scribes' room below, and manuscript room above. Then, on what you may think of as the literary and lay side of the nave, the north, *the schools;* to the south for what sun could be had, *the cloisters.* Between the schools and library, the Abbot's house and servants' offices, summed in the plan as the abbot's kitchen (little a). Next to the schools, H, the hospice or general stranger guest house, with attached offices and kitchen (little h).

Next to the cloisters, P, the pilgrims' house, and little p, the pilgrims' kitchen. Round the cloisters, D the dormitories, R the refectory, little c the cellars — everybody's cellar, mind you, as well as the monks', though of course they had their bins in it; and if you choose to read big C and little c for Creature comforts — the sunny side of the church and the private key of the cellar, that was certainly so. Also here, you observe, that the kale might be hot as well as good, is the special refectory kitchen. Then beyond the eastern apse, N, the house of the novices, I, of the old and infirm monks, who could work

no more. Young and old, each with their own little chapel: we may perhaps hope that the old monks' chapel was warmed for winter matins. Also for their refreshment, and old man's work — Simon Lee's weary hand on the mattock, — here the orchard, there the garden, but the gardener himself an important personage, with his house nearly as big as the Abbot's. The fruit-store also very large. Doesn't it all remind you who know your Scott of the old abbot-gardener at Loch Leven?

21. Opposite, in due symmetry, the physician's house, with its separate garden of medicinal herbs, and his store-house for them, and laboratory.

Then lastly, but occupying, you see, the space on one side of the cloisters, corresponding to that of the church on the other, you have the work-shops and farm-buildings. Work-*shops* I have called them; properly ateliers only, — no selling, here, all giving. You know well enough what became of the Church when she took to trading. In the meantime — whatever were the Abbot's faults as head of the firm, he took no commission on his workmen's labour.

Ateliers — of every useful handicraft known, but with a curious difference, afterwards establishing itself, between those of Cluny and Cîteaux. At Cluny the leading work is the jeweller's — goldsmith's and jeweller's, that is to say — and what sort of work it was you may still see in the brooch which clasped the mantle of St. Louis.

At Cîteaux there is no jewellery going on any more, but we have an entire — I was going to say Rochdale — but I ought to say Clear-Dale (Clairvaux) co-operation of every food-producing and pot-boiling business, organised in groups, each with their own master, the brother millers, brother bakers, green-grocers, carpenters, masons, smiths, weavers; and at the head of the collective groups belonging to each abbey one monk charged with the distribution and organisation of all the work.

22. Now, again, *young* people, fix this distinction between Cluny and Cîteaux well in your minds. Cluny is the culmination of the power of the monastic system, the universal monastic system of hill and plain, of town and country, of sackcloth and cloth of gold. It is Westminster

Abbey and Bond Street in one — but missing out, I am sorry to confess, St. George's, Hanover Square. But all that was noblest, kingliest, brightest in the active world, looked for its guidance there. Its church was the largest church in all the west; its plan was given by St. Peter in a dream.

The popes had successively granted to its abbots formal bulls of exemption from the episcopal interference, and the abbots could menace with excommunication any bishop who trespassed on their privileges. In the time of St. Hugo of Cluny, the abbey with its dependencies formed a European university, with the power of a kingdom. He was called to regulate the religion of Spain by Alphonse of Castille, of England by William the Conqueror, and struck his own coinage at Cluny as the King of France at Paris.

23. Now turn we to Cîteaux. I do not think the readers of the essays on architecture, which of all my writings have had the most direct practical influence, will think their hour misspent in enabling me personally to ask their

pardon for the narrowness of statements into which either their controversial character, or the special direction of my earlier studies, hurried me. Of which faults, one of the chief lay in the depreciation of ecclesiastical influence, and the strong insistence on the national styles of civil building, into which my dread of ritualist devotion in the first place, and in the second my too sanguine hope of turning the streets of London into the likeness of those of Nuremberg, provoked, or tempted me. It is indeed perfectly true, and I have nothing to retract from the distinctness of the assertion, that Gothic architecture is not, in the total spirit of it, more devotional than humane; that all the beautiful forms of it will condescend to the simplest domestic comfort, and that the luxurious and insensate splendours of it are as much forbidden to the church as to the palace and the council-hall. But also it is true, and salient among the noblest truths which illustrate the nature of man, that as the visionary faith of the Franciscans purified and animated the art of painting from its Roman pollution and its

Byzantine palsy, so the modesty and valour of the Cistercians, subdued by the severe lessons of St. Bernard, and restricting itself always to the use of materials nearest to their hand, produced types of rational and beautiful structure of which the remains, in our age of iron, are still held sacred to the memory of the Catholic Church, and can scarcely be used in a civil building without a sense of profanity.

24. The severe lessons, I have said, admitting the popular impression of them. The *loving* lessons had been a juster word. He was the first of the noble Puritans, in the rejection of all that was unseemly, luxurious, or vain in the pretended service of God. He was the head and captain of the great race of northern farmers, who themselves preached, and to purpose, their more than one sermon a week, and stubbed Thornaby Waste as well. But all this he was because he loved God, and believed, with all his heart and soul and strength. And whatever in the fullest glow of unsullied Christianity — whatever of comforting or purifying in the thoughts of a future state, we have associated most intimately with

our social affections and earthly work, you will find to have been first rooted in the conviction and the benevolence of St. Bernard.

25. The name of his birthplace, you may easily remember; and the spot of it you may reach, by no toilsome, no irrational pilgrimage.

But two short miles to the north of Dijon, only just far enough to detach them completely from the new suburban city, rise the little hill and village of La Fontaine. Mound, rather than hill, it should be called; an outlier of the thin-bedded Jura limestone which forms all the long côteau to the west of Dijon and Mâcon. Steep enough the little mound, almost craggy on one side, sloping down on the other with its rough-built village some 150 feet into the plain, but completely insulated, and the summit of it not more than a furlong square, occupied by a small farmhouse, and its yet smaller garden. Farmhouse built more or less out of the ruins of the older château, itself also now in process of demolition, or readjustment to a modern chapel, enlarging from the recess behind the altar, which occupies the exact site of the room in which St. Bernard was born.

26. Feudal castle it was, remember: no stone of it now left on another; but you may stand at the edge of the little garden, on the rock where his childish feet first stood firm; the simple kinds of the wild flowers he knew, still nestle, or wander, there, unchanged; the soft dingles of the Côte d'Or cast still the same shadows in the morning light; eastward, the cliffs and folds of Jura, and the one white cloud beyond, that never fades; — all these were, of his life, the same part that they are of ours; how far his work and thoughts are still to be with *us*, can scarcely be judged well, here in our London circus; you would judge of them otherwise, I believe, in looking from his native rock down the vast vale of the Saône, where, only fifteen miles to the south, the lines of poplar and aspen that soften the horizon, grow by the idle streams of what was once — Cîteaux.

27. Nothing is left of the abbey walls; a modern industrial school occupies their site. The only vestige left of times even a little separated from our own is a, literally, moated grange, where a wide pond, almost a lake of absolutely quiet water, lulled among its reeds, is deep round

the foundation stones of a granary, outbuilding once of *the* Cistercian farm.

The first brothers who settled there, those from the Abbey of Molesmes, had hard times for many a day. The marshes would not drain, the seeds would not grow; the monks themselves died one by one, of damp and fatigue. They had to rise at two in the morning for matins; it was not right to go to sleep again afterwards, — they were required to meditate till dawn, but I suppose, by Heaven's grace, sometimes nodded. They had to work with strength of hand seven hours a day, at one time or another. Dined at twelve; no animal food allowed except in sickness, and only a pound and a half of bread; vegetables, I suppose, what they would, except on fast days, — total, twice a week, as far as I can make out. Common human blood could not stand it; the marsh of Cîteaux was too deadly for them, and they died, and died, nameless people, foolish people, what you choose to call them, — yet they died for you, and for your children.

28. At last Bernard heard of them — then a youth, just back from Paris University. Gath-

ered a few more fiery ones, of his own sort, and plunged into the marsh to the rescue. The poor Abbot and his forlorn hope of friars went out to meet them, singing songs of deliverance. In less than twenty-five years there were more than sixty thousand Cistercian monks, at work on any bit of trenchable ground they were allowed to come at, between the bay of Genoa and the Baltic.

29. Trenchable ground, I say, with intention; for there were two things, mind you, that the Cistercians always wanted: the *ground* on which they could do most good; the *water* with which they could do most work. Therefore in England you always find the monastery at the point of the valley where the stream first becomes manageable on the level, and yet where the mill-wheel would still turn merrily.

Only, the defect of the whole institution to my own poor mind is, that you get the mill indeed, and the miller, but not the miller's daughter! And in that degree I own myself still a bigoted Protestant, — that Mysie Happer seems to me a most laudable adjunct to the Cistercian economy, and that I can imagine benighted persons who

would be much better helped by the good heart and good looks of Mysie than by any higher images of the Queen of the Angels. Howbeit, whatever good there may be for persons of higher temperament, in Madonnas del Sisto or del Cardellino, of course it is St. Bernard who begins all that for them, with the rest of his beginnings.

30. In 1090 he is born at La Fontaine, and whatever is loveliest in chivalry and ladyhood comes after that. You have trusted the traditions of them now to the overseer's factory chimney, to the squire's threshing machine, to the Board's school, industrial and other. For all these you have one watchword, — "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die:" the exact contradiction to St. Bernard's — "Let us watch and pray, for to-morrow we live."

It is not mine to tell you which of these is true; but there is one word that is true for the feeblest of us, and for all it should be enough. "Let us labour joyfully while we have the light. The night cometh; — but thou knowest not what shall be on the morrow."

## ADDENDA TO "MENDING THE SIEVE":

### On the Foundation of Cluny.

"Under Charlemagne, the religious" (meaning monastic) "establishments held the head (*tenaient la tête*) of public instruction, of agriculture, of manufacture, of the arts and of the sciences. They alone of political bodies presented regular and stable constitutions. Out of their bosom came all the men destined to play any part in the world outside of the career of arms. From its foundation" (say in 505) "to the year of the Council of Constance, 1005, the order of St. Benedict had founded fifteen thousand and seventy abbeys throughout the world then known; given to the Church twenty-four popes, two hundred cardinals, four hundred archbishops, and seven thousand bishops.[1]

"But this prodigious influence had been the

[[1] Viollet-le-Duc, "Dict. de l'Architecture," tom. I. p. 245.]

cause[1] of numerous abuses. The rule of St. Benedict had been far relaxed in the tenth century; the periodical invasions of the Normans had destroyed the monasteries and dispersed the monks;"—(and this 'dispersion,' mind you, which historians speak of as if it were merely the driving chaff before the wind, means—for human creatures who have hearts—much more than scattering. It means heart-breaking. For one monk who broke his vows in pride or weakness, hundreds were driven from the peace and fruition of their fulfilment, in despair) "misery, and the disorders which are the consequence of misery, altered the characters of the institution, and feudal *morcellement* completed the ruin of what the abuse of riches and power, as well as the misfortune of the time, had already under-

[1] Not the 'cause,' rightly thinking of the matter; the indefinitely increased monastic power was not the origin of abuses, but became the inevitably imperfect and decaying subject or sufferer of them, as the trunk of a great tree decays inwardly or is knotted and warped outwardly, while yet its branches are green, and its vital functions for a time retained. The 'abuses,' as the following sentences show, were rather those of the outward world than of the monasteries.

mined. Modern civilisation, scarcely born under the reign of Charlemagne, seemed expiring in the tenth century, but from the order of St. Benedict, reformed by the abbots of Cluny and the rule of Cîteaux, enduring shoots of new life were to spring.

"In the tenth century[1] Cluny was a little village in the district of Mâcon, which had become by bequest a part of the estates of William, afterwards called the Pious, Duke of Aquitaine. Towards the close of his life"—(I must now go on in my own words)—he wished to commend his soul and the souls of his ancestors to God, by founding a new monastery. Of the superstition, if he please to call it so, I pray the kindly reader to think, if not with respect, at least with pity: and I assure the proud and unkindly reader—whose eyes may fall on the passage—that the state of mind is nobler and wiser in which men give lands away in the hope of commending their souls to God, than that in

[1] The reader will take note of the continually reinforced importance of the cardinal divisions of time we at first assumed at the close of the fifth, tenth, and fifteenth centuries. The actual date of the first founding of Cluny above told is 909.

which they let them at auction to swindling builders, raise their rents on industrious farmers, gamble them away in hells at watering-places, or borrow money on them for their *menus plaisirs.* For the rest, Duke William did not defer his design to his last hour, but while yet able to govern his lands and judge of their fitness for this or the other purpose, he sent for a monk whom he could trust as a friend, Bernon, Abbot of Gigny and Baume, and with him visited personally the whole of his estates,[1] to fix on a proper place for the foundation of the new abbey. "'They arrived at last,' says the chronicle,[2] 'in a place so far removed from all human society, that it seemed in some sort the image of the celestial solitude.'[3] It was Cluny. But when

[1] Personal—it is not said of what extent. The vast titular dukedom, Aquitaine, would imply a proportional estate of residence to which the bequest of Cluny would be a scarcely observed addition.

[2] Viollet-le-Duc does not say what chronicle; but refers to the 'Histoire de l'Abbaye de Cluny,' par P. Lorain, Paris, 1845, p. 16.

[3] In all such chance expressions, or indications without distinct expression, of a true desire for solitude as one of the conditions of religious felicity, it must be remembered that the real meaning is always that of being as a separate Spirit, alone with God. "*Thou,* when thou prayest, pray to thy Father which is in secret."

the Duke objected that it would not be possible to establish a monastic society in that place, *because of the hunters and their dogs!* who filled the forest with which the country was covered, Bernon replied, laughing, 'Drive away the dogs, and fetch the friars; know you not whether will yield the better profit, the hounds' yelp or the monks' prayer?'"

M. Lorain's translation of the Duke's deed of gift is throughout of extreme interest, but I must limit myself here to the following centrally important passages:—"All my domain of Cluny, and all that is dependent on it, farms, oratories, slaves of both sexes, vineyards, fields under culture, waters, mills, meadows, forests, and wild land, I, William, and my wife Ingelberge, together give to the fore-named apostles (Peter and Paul): first, for the love of God; then also for the love (or sake) of the King Eudes, my Lord; and of my father and my mother; for me also, for my wife, for my sister Albane, who left me these possessions, for all the members of our family, and for the faithful persons attached to our service, and for the maintenance and integrity of the

Catholic Religion. But I give these lands on condition that a monastery under regular orders shall be built at Cluny, to the honour of the apostles Peter and Paul; and that therein shall be united a society of monks living according to the rule of St. Benedict, possessing, detaining ('detenant'), and governing the things now given in perpetuity, so that this house may become the venerable abode of prayer; that it may be filled without ceasing by faithful wishes and pious petitions; and that therein may be sought *always, with vivid desire and heartfelt ardour, the miracles of Communion with God.*"

Now observe you have here a perfect, authoritative, and indisputable type of the tenth-century Catholicism in a knight's mind. Fifth-century Catholicism, seventh-century Catholicism, are different from this, and they are beautiful, in their own places and times, in the minds of good men and women. We will examine them in their order, only first here is what they lead up to — with the good, or evil, or error that it means — here is your Lord of lands and men, giving away so many square miles of land with the inhabitants

thereof, slaves, and other, (no slaves forced to work underground and be blown to pieces by scores every week, like ours; or to pass their lives in learning to blow other people to pieces; but hard-working, healthy creatures, raising their own food and clothing, happy when they were honest, and raised according to their merit,—emigrating, when they did so, with their landlord for leader of the expedition,)—giving away, I say, the Land, and the Waters, and the Birds and the Beasts and the creeping things, and the Adams and Eves, and all the goodness of the days of its creation, for the maintenance of a certain separate group of select persons, in a *miraculous* communion with God.

What you please to think of all this is not my present business, only to state the facts to you indisputably.

I take up now Viollet-le-Duc's summary of them, p. 123, vol. I. "In 909, Duke William of Aquitaine had founded the abbey of Cluny, and given the lands of it to the apostles Peter and Paul.

"A bull of John IX., in March 932, confirms

the charter of William, and frees the monastery 'from all dependence on any King, Bishop, or *Count* whatsoever, and from any even of Duke William's own family.'

"You must not judge this intervention of the Roman Pontiffs by modern ideas. You must reflect with conviction[1] that in the midst of general anarchy, of these thrusting encroachments of all powers, one against another, of this unbridled oppression by brutal force, the sovereignty ('suzerainté'), — accepted by the chair of St. Peter could oppose an invincible barrier to material force, could establish spiritual unity, and constitute a moral force of immeasurable power in the full heart of barbarism. And that was actually what happened. St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Hugo, Abbot of Cluny, and Gregory VII., are the great figures which rule this epoch, and establish, no more to be overthrown,[2] the independ-

[1] "Il faut songer." — Laconic and firm French, not otherwise translatable with less lengthy English.

[2] "D'une manière inébranlable." — Of course the Priests' office, once the apostle's, may to-day be forfeited or sold, as in old days, but never, by external force, overthrown.

ence of the clergy. As may well be believed, the populations were not indifferent in their great debates; they saw rise round them, for an efficacious refuge[1] against oppression, these monasteries in which were concentrated the men of intelligence, the Spirits *d'élite*, who in the one strength given by profound conviction, that of a *regular* and *devoted* life, held in check all the great wordly power of the age. 'Opinion,' to use a modern word, was all for them, and it was not their least support; the regular clergy then gathered into and around themselves all the hopes of the lower orders. Therefore you must not be astonished if during the eleventh and part of the twelfth century they became the centre of all influence, all progress, and all knowledge. Everywhere they founded schools in which were taught letters, philosophy, theology, the sciences and the arts. At the Abbey of Bec, Lanfranc, and St. Anselm, being Priors, did not disdain to instruct the secular youth, to correct, during their vigils,[2] the errors

[1] Refuge, meaning, not merely Sanctuary, but Fortress.

[2] Veilles — 'Watches of the Night.'

in the manuscripts of Pagan authors, of the Holy Writings, or of the Fathers. At Cluny the most attentive cares[1] were given to teaching. Ulric consecrates two chapters of his 'Customs of Cluny'[2] in detailing the duties of the masters towards the children, or adults confided to them. 'The greatest prince was not educated with more care in the palace of kings than was the least of the children of Cluny.' "

Now, observe, the principles of teaching in their schools were not "founded" *with* the schools. There was no new system, no new philosophy, no new science, set up for a new light of the world by the Priors of Cluny. The teaching throughout was the teaching of Charlemagne: *he* is the Founder of the Schools of France; and through all the ruin of his temporal dynasty, what he appointed to be taught of sacred and everlasting truth and righteousness was still taught by the patience and cherished in the hearts

[1] "Les soins les plus attentifs."—The French plural is able to express the divided and opposite cares of true education where our English "care" does little more than indicate general anxiety, perhaps acting only in a single direction, and that a blundering one.

[2] Udalrici Antiq. Consuet. Clun. Mon. lib. III., ch. viii. et ix.

of his clergy. "The schools founded by Charlemagne[1] rose under the shelter of the churches; there necessarily took refuge all intelligence devoted to the study of the sciences and arts. Geometry, drawing, sculpture and painting could be taught only in the establishments which preserved yet a little of calm and tranquillity in the midst of the frightful chaos of the Carlovingian epoch.[2] And towards the end of the tenth century, at the moment when it seemed that society was about to extinguish itself[3] in barbarism, an abbey founded itself at Cluny, and from the bosom of that religious order, for more than a century, came out nearly all the men who, with an incomparable patience and energy, arrested the progress of the barbarism — put order into the chaos, and regulated the education — of Western Europe from Spain to Poland. There is no

[1] Viollet-le-Duc, under the word "Architecte," p. 108, where it is of extreme interest to see how his mind instantly fastens on Cluny as the Mistress of his own Art.

[2] Chaotic, however, only in central Europe, and only among the military powers.

[3] S'éteindre. — Another precious French idiom. Let no society — no person — ever speak of their 'extinction' but as self-caused.

doubt that Cluny gave to Western Europe, not only her popes, her bishops, her ambassadors, and — so far as their education reached — her kings, but also her architects, painters, physicians, reforming scholars, and school-professors. Raze Cluny from the eleventh century, and we find scarcely anything left but darkness, gross ignorance, and monstrous abuses."

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[1] "In the land laved by Po and Adige
Valour and courtesy used to be found
Before that Frederick had his controversy,"

*i.e.* the war between Frederick II. and Pope Gregory IX.

THE END.

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